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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF ART LITERATVRE AND CVRRENT EVENTS

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IN MEMORY OF THE MAINE

"ON FEBRUARY 15 THE MILITARY AND NAVAL AUTHORITIES OF THE UNITED STATES IN HAVANA PAID SOLEMN HONORS TO THE BURIED DEAD OF THE BATTLESHIP MAINE. THE THUNDER OF ARTILLERY AND THE CLANK OF ARMED TROOPS RESOUNDED THROUGH CUBA'S CAPITAL. IN THE EARLY MORNING WREATHS WERE HUNG ON THE FIGHTING TOP OF THE WRECKED SHIP AND AN AMERICAN FLAG WAS HOISTED AT HALF-MAST ON THE SPAR. A TROOP FROM THE SEVENTH CAVALRY AND A DETACHMENT OF MARINES AND SAILORS FROM THE BROOKLYN, RESOLUTE AND LEBANON MADE A PROCESSION TO THE GRAVE. A SQUARE WAS THEN FORMED, ONE SIDE OF WHICH WAS COMPOSED OF THE SAILORS WITH THEIR ARMS AT THE PRESENT. THE BAND PLAYED A DIRGE, AND FLOWERS WERE SPRINKLED OVER THE GRAVES."—*SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE COLLIER'S WEEKLY, HAVANA, FEBRUARY 15*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY J. LYCHENHEIM

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE AND CURRENT EVENTS

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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NEW YORK MARCH ELEVENTH 1899

NOTICE

IN PREPARATION: A magnificent portfolio of proof impressions of the original **TWELVE GREAT PAINTINGS** *by leading American Painters and Illustrators to be issued at a very low price. The attention of amateurs is requested.*—THE ART DIRECTOR.

THE ARRANGEMENT FOR ENLARGING THE ARMY

AT THE HOUR when we write, it seems certain that a compromise has been reached between the Democratic and Republican members of the Senate which will place at the President's disposal a military force sufficient for the restoration of order in the Philippines and for other absolutely necessary functions. It would be hard to overestimate the importance of this accommodation of conflicting views, which is due, apparently, to the gravity of the recent news from Manila. Let us glance, first, at the details of the bill, which now seems likely to become a law, and then note the serious difficulties which will have been avoided by its passage.

The bill, which is the outcome of an agreement between Senator Hawley on the Republican side and Senator Cockrell on the Democratic, provides that, for rather more than two years to come, the regular army shall be maintained at its present strength, to wit, about 63,000 men, and also empowers the President to raise thirty-five volunteer regiments, which are to be recruited either from American citizens or from the inhabitants of our outlying dependencies. At the expiration of the term fixed by the bill, the volunteer regiments are to be disbanded, and the regular army is to be reduced to a little more than half its present size. We should bear in mind that experience has shown that, at any given moment, only four-fifths of the men on an army roll are fit for duty. It follows that, even should the bill become a law, only about 80,000 men can be at all times relied upon as qualified for service. Of these, at least 15,000 will be required to man our coast defences, and no less than 25,000 will be needed for garrison duty at Indian posts. The very lowest estimate of the force which must be kept in Cuba for a considerable period is 12,000. Puerto Rico will need at least 3,000, and Hawaii 2,000 men. There would remain but 23,000 soldiers fit for duty in the Philippines, which is the very smallest number capable of suppressing the rebellion in Luzon and of enforcing obedience to American authority throughout the Visayan islands and in Mindanao. It must, therefore, be acknowledged that the compromise army bill will only furnish the President the minimum force required. It is, indeed, already probable that a part of the troops which ought to be manning our coast defences, and to be stationed at Indian posts, will have to be sent to the Philippines, while the calculation that 12,000 soldiers will suffice for Cuba depends on the somewhat rash assumption that the inhabitants of that island will give us no trouble. Plainly, the utmost that can be said for the Hawley-Cockrell compromise is that an acceptance of it is preferable, on the whole, to the convocation of the new Congress in extra session.

There are many and weighty reasons why the Administration should wish to defer the meeting of the next Congress until the date fixed by law for the opening of its regular session in December. Even if there were to be in the next House of Representatives a large Republican majority, upon which President McKinley could depend for sympathy and support, the expediency of convoking it in March would be extremely questionable. At present, the country is highly prosperous, and, in the absence of any trenchant legislative changes, or of the apprehension thereof, the prosperity is likely to continue. It is true that our national expenditures during the present, if not, also, during the next fiscal year, seem almost certain to show a considerable excess over revenue. The excess, however, will fall far short of the surplus in the Treasury, and there seems to be no reason, therefore, to dread a new issue of bonds. There is thus no reason, providing an acceptable army bill can be carried, for subjecting the business community to suspense and misgiving by an extra session of Congress. The currency question can wait. Nor is it on general grounds alone that a special session of Congress must seem undesirable to President McKinley and his Cabinet. From the viewpoint of the Republican party, there is a special reason for avoiding it. According to present computations, the Republican majority in the next House of Representatives may not exceed fifteen. That is to say, the transfer of eight Republican votes to the Democratic side would defeat an Administration measure. Now, it is by no means certain that Senator Hoar and Senator Hale, who are inflexibly opposed to the Administration's Philippine programme, might not be able to influence at least eight Republican members in the new House. It is quite certain, on the other hand, that many more than eight members could be controlled by Mr. Reed, who will succeed himself as Speaker, and who has thus far made no secret of his opposition to many features of the President's *post-bellum* policy. Under the circumstances, it is probable that, were the new Congress convoked in March, a resolution could forthwith be carried through the House of Representatives declaring it to be our intention to leave the Filipinos to govern themselves at the earliest possible moment.

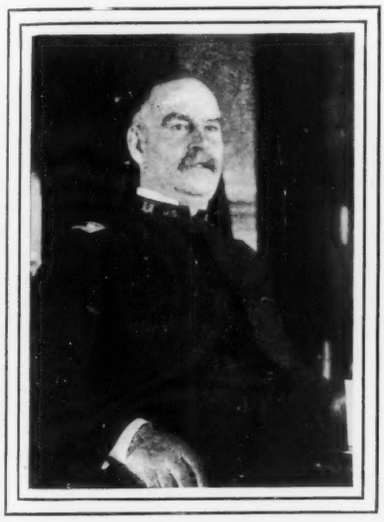
As we have previously pointed out, such a declaration would be, at this juncture, highly inexpedient. We have not, at present, adequate data upon which to base a definite and irrevocable announcement of our intentions with relation to the Philippines. We cannot acquire such data until we have had time to establish order throughout the archipelago and carefully to study the economical, social and political conditions and capabilities of its inhabitants. A system that might conceivably work in parts of Luzon might work ill in the Visayan islands, and be still more unsuited to Mindanao and the Sulu group. To attempt to determine what we shall do with our new possessions in the Far East before we have even occupied them and had an opportunity of learning what they are, or before the inhabitants have had a chance of becoming acquainted with ourselves, would be preposterous in the literal meaning of that word. We should be putting the cart before the horse. We should be blind leaders of the blind, and could not reasonably expect to escape falling into the ditch. Even eight months or a year hence, it will still be premature to essay the solution of a problem so intricate as the future of the Philippines.

This is the broad and decisive ground on which we should refrain from forming and, much more, from uttering any hasty opinion on the subject. There are two other reasons, however, which should restrain us from avowing, at this time, an inclination ultimately to give self-rule to the Filipinos, even if this purpose commended itself to the mass of the American people. It is certain that such an announcement, if made while the rebellion in Luzon remains unsubdued, would be entirely misconstrued by Aguinaldo and the other promoters of the insurrection. As it is, we know that their defeats are habitually depicted by them as victories, and that their ignorant followers are told that General Otis is afraid to advance beyond the outskirts of Manila, where he is protected by Dewey's guns. If a philanthropic programme should now be published by us, just after the insurgents have been incited to wholesale incendiarism and massacre, it would, of course, be construed as proof of the terror which Aguinaldo professes to have inspired. Not only, moreover, would such a publication be a glaring blunder from the viewpoint of generals and statesmen desirous of extinguishing rebellion, but it would also justify foreign nations in taking precautions betimes for the furtherance of their respective interests. If we have made up our minds to leave the Filipinos to themselves, it is manifest that the Tagals will, presently, set up the semblance of a government in Luzon; the Visayas another in the intermediate islands, and the so-called Moros a third in Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago. These pretended commonwealths would be as unable to avoid war with one another as to maintain order at home. Amid the resultant anarchy, the lives and property of European residents would be in imminent danger, and a military and naval intervention for their protection would be not only the right but the duty of European governments.

Eight months is but a too brief period in which to decide upon the course which will be best for the Filipinos and for ourselves. Even that brief period we might have lost but for the compromise effected on the army bill, which, happily for us, may render it unnecessary to convoke the new Congress in extra session. In view of the importance of the interests involved, we must recognize the good sense and patriotism of Mr. Cockrell and his fellow Democrats in the Senate, who, in spite of the temporary partisan advantage which might have been gained by a refusal to augment the army, could not bring themselves to withhold support from the American soldiers whose lives are imperilled in Luzon.

THE MILES BOARD OF INQUIRY

MAJ.-GEN. JAMES F. WADE, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD



LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE B. DAVIS CONDUCTS THE EXAMINATION LIKE A VETERAN LAWYER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Feb.* 26

IN THESE PIPING times of peace, when Dewey is cabling for the Oregon, when unconquered Filipinos are ravaging our brand-new distant island colony, when Aguinaldo and his envoys are indulging in ribald gasconades at our expense, and placarding us, and our Teutonic friends are biting thumbs at us, we can still manage to follow the proceedings of our various courts-martial and boards of inquiry with equanimity and interest.

A profound cabalist might predict when all these things will end; the plain citizen contents himself with the certainty that he who lives to see shall see.

It seems rather a pity, though, that so many good soldiers should play at lawyers, when their services might be utilized in providing against those eventualities which inevitably concern a nation seeking conquest in the uttermost corners of the earth. I think we are all agreed that the rations scandal should be sifted to the wires, but we also agree that expedition would be appreciated. Surely we admire our gallant officers more when they "get their swords and their guns" and stop calling names like naughty children.

The Board of Inquiry, which was appointed by the President to investigate certain charges and allegations made by Major-General Nelson A. Miles as to the condition of the beef furnished by the Commissary Department to the American army in Cuba, began its sittings in this city on February 20.

General Miles was the principal witness. He testified that he had heard many complaints about the condition of the army beef sent to the soldiers. That officers and men condemned the rations as unfit for food. After reading Surgeon Daly's report, made last September, he suspected the use of chemicals. On the whole, the general's testimony proved a disappointment to those who looked for sensational developments.

Other witnesses followed General Miles on the stand, mostly officers who had participated in the battles around Santiago. The testimony was practically unanimous on the subject of canned beef, and was to the effect that the meat was rejected by the troops, some of whom it made ill, while others preferred to go hungry.

Some soldiers threw their rations into the sea in disgust, and pulled in their belts a hole or two. The refrigerator beef sent to the camps was in the main good and untainted when promptly delivered. They preferred beef on the hoof, but did not suspect the use of chemicals.

There was considerable testimony offered along these lines, and but little variance from the facts as stated above. Dr. Daly's testimony on the subject of "embalmed beef" was postponed until representatives of the packing houses could be present, they being vitally interested, as may be imagined, in this part of the inquiry.

The postponement was borne with equanimity, as General Eagan was announced to be the next witness.

The late Commissary-General appeared in full dress uniform, "belted and sworded," and went into details about the manner in which the Commissary Department supplied the army with food. His evidence was similar to that given on his own trial. He testified to the smallness of his faith in hoof-beef in a tropical climate and stepped down.

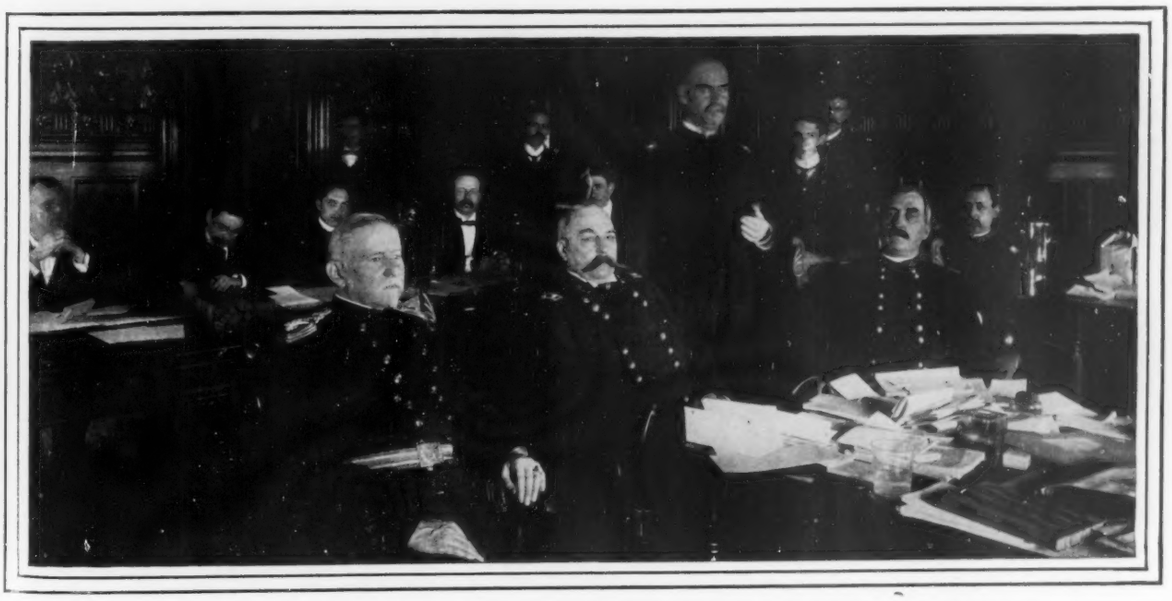
In the opinion of Acting Commissary-General Weston canned roast beef is an excellent invention and nourishing food.

Major J. W. Ruthers, who inspected six hundred thousand pounds of canned beef at Savannah, in the army warehouses, condemned but two thousand five hundred pounds.

CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE.

COLONEL GEORGE L. GILLESPIE QUESTIONS GENERAL MILES

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE W. DAVIS PAYS CLOSE ATTENTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS



THE BOARD OF INQUIRY, APPOINTED BY THE PRESIDENT TO INVESTIGATE GENERAL MILES' ALLEGATIONS REGARDING ARMY RATIONS, IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY WILBERT MELVILLE, WASHINGTON

UNITED STATES MARINES *EN ROUTE* TO THE COLON CEMETERY

SAILORS AND MARINES FROM THE CRUISERS RESOLUTE, BROOKLYN AND LEBANON PARADING

THE MAINE'S FIGHTING TOP DRAPED WITH EVERGREENS—THE FLAG AT HALF-MAST

HONORING THE DEAD OF THE MAINE AT HAVANA

On February 15 the United States military and naval authorities at Havana observed the anniversary of the destruction of the Maine in Havana Harbor. The graves of the crew and the spar of the famous battleship were decorated, services were held, and the troops paraded through the city.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

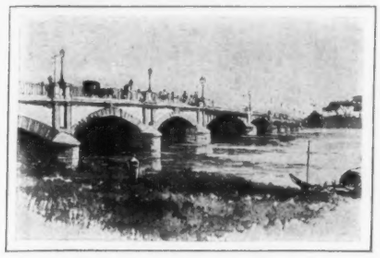
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY JACOB LYCHENHEIM

THE OBSEQUIES OF GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA—THE FUNERAL CORTEGE PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF HAVANA ESCORTED BY PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATIONS

(*See page* 16)

BUFFALO CARTS

CHURCH IN OLD MANILA



THE SPANISH BRIDGE

CHURCH OF ST. SEBASTIAN

TRAM CARS, MANILA

THE CANAL

CHRISTMAS AT MANILA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MANILA, P. I., *Jan.* 2, 1898

MANILA'S FIRST AMERICAN CHRISTMAS was celebrated in royal style in spite of the absence of so many of the things which go to make up the gayeties of the joyful holiday season.

For a long time the twenty thousand men of the Eighth Army Corps had been looking forward to the joyful holiday season, and while preparations for the proper observation of the day were begun a week before Christmas, it was not until the arrival of the transport St. Paul that the men had any dreams of the good things they were to enjoy on Christmas Day. The St. Paul brought a load of good things for the men of every command. There were great boxes of clothing, and eatables were sent in sealed tin boxes. In the mail were many money donations for the men and for the different companies. The result was royal feasting throughout the army.

About the different quarters there were profuse decorations of palms and banana trees, set off by American flags of all sizes. Christmas Day could not have been more propitious. The weather was so hot that the sentinels were kept busy dodging the sun's rays and hunting the shade. Within doors the weather was cool and delightful, and when the evening came Manila was filled with cooling breezes.

Christmas brought to the men of the army a flood of memories. Last Christmas not one of the twenty thousand men of the Eighth Army Corps had the remotest idea that a year hence they would be spending Christmas on a far-distant foreign shore. But it is the unexpected that happens. The most fanciful imagination could not have pictured the sending of an army across the Pacific by our government to wage war for the liberation of an oppressed people.

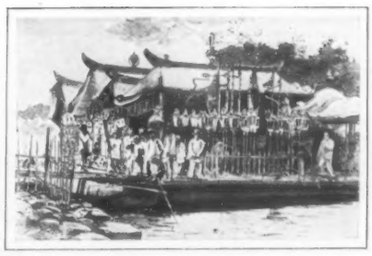
The memories of the hardships of the campaign on Manila Bay were recalled to the men on this occasion. None know better than they of the many things they have to be thankful for. No troops ever better performed their duty than those of the Eighth Army Corps. In the matter of health the men have been most fortunate, and our dead list is not a large one, considering the battles and skirmishes and the hardships of a campaign upon a shore so far from the base of operations, and in the rainy season of a tropical climate. There was no mismanagement in the Commissary Department, no mismanagement in the operations which resulted in the fall of Manila.

The religious part of the Christmas festivities in the army was not neglected. The chaplains in the different commands held special Christmas services in the morning, and in the evening religious services were held throughout the army. The different missionary workers also held services at different places, and these were attended by many of the soldiers and by big crowds of the natives. There were many athletic events and musical entertainments in the different commands. The bright prospects for the speedy return of the volunteer forces gave a special cause for rejoicing.

The Filipinos know how to enjoy a holiday. Every week has its holidays, when nearly all business is suspended and the populace turn out in their best attire. While all of these holidays are greatly enjoyed, it is the joyous *Pasco* season, as the natives designate Christmas, that brings to the Filipinos their greatest joys. During the past week there have been all kinds of gayeties among the natives, who have many things to be thankful for. One short year ago there was a reign of terror. The insurrection was at its height, and every day the Lunetta, the famous Spanish execution ground, had its victims, among them the most prominent Filipinos of Manila. Only one short year ago José Rizal, the native leader, was shot on the Lunetta. The Manila of to-day is a changed city, and the change is greatly to the good of the Filipinos. So they had reasons to celebrate this *Pasco Dias*.

With the natives *Pasco Dias* is also a day of feasting. They thronged the streets, dressed in their best apparel. All seemed gay and happy, and at night time there were fireworks, music, and dancing.

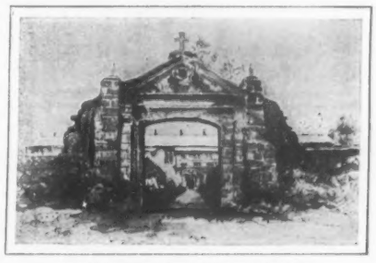
Out in the country districts the insurgent army made merry. In spite of the present unsettled condition of affairs, all rejoiced, and throughout the land for once there was a merry Christmas day in Manila. The Spaniards, too, observed the day, and the great cathedrals were filled with worshippers. The great works of art, the sculptured images and statues and the paintings, which since our occupation have been hidden away, owing to the fact that the cathedrals have been occupied by the Spanish prisoners as quarters, were brought forth. W. G. I.



FESTIVAL PAVILION ON PASIG RIVER

PRISON WORKSHOPS

SPANISH PRISONERS AT WORK



ENTRANCE TO THE LEPER HOSPITAL

CATHOLIC CHURCH—OLD MANILA

DWELLING HOUSE OF TAGALOS (NATIVES)

THE CATACOMBS

PICTURESQUE MANILA

Some interesting aspects of the sleepy old Capital of the Philippine Islands when Aguinaldo's hordes are not engaged in harrying it with sword and torch

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

GENERAL CHARLES KING AND STAFF

General King is at present in command of a brigade stationed at Manila in the Philippines, having resumed active service after many years' retirement

OUR NOTE-BOOK

MR. CHOATE'S APPOINTMENT has pleased everybody. It has pleased New York, it has pleased London, and, what is more to the point, it has pleased Mr. Choate. But that is natural. It is the best berth going. We have heard people say that they would rather be right than be President, but were our wishes consulted we should prefer to be Ambassador to England. The labor is not onerous or the stipend either, but then it is all so splendid. You go into dinner right after royals and discuss the art of being a great-great-grandmother with the Queen. More than that, you may purchase as many trousers as you like unmolested by Mr. Shayne. Then, too, everything that you say is quoted, including any number of things that you don't, and that is so splendid also, for the things which you don't say are always so much more brilliant than the things you do. Already a few of the things which Mr. Choate has said are being promenaded up and down Pall Mall. Here are two which have been found particularly delectable. We have heard them before, and others may care to hear them again. Number One occurred at a New England banquet. In replying to the toast of "The Ladies," Mr. Choate, after calling attention to the illustrious ancestry of all New England ladies, remarked that the Pilgrim Mothers must have been even more commendable than the Pilgrim Fathers, because not merely did they put up with the same hardships as the Pilgrim Fathers but they put up with the Pilgrim Fathers also. Is not that good and isn't it wicked? Number Two, however, is simply perfect. There is Chesterfield in it and Douglas Jerrold as well. "Now, Mr. Choate," said somebody somewhere, "if you were not Mr. Choate whom would you like to be?" To which gallantly and gleefully our unusually quotable Ambassador answered: "Why, Mrs. Choate's second husband, of course." That is what frequentation with French literature enables us to call a *bon mot*.

THE COMET which an Austrian astronomer states will next year buck the earth into kingdom come and toss it, disembowelled, to fertilize the furrows of space where worlds foment, already projects a light which we have lacked into the beauties of Austrian astronomy. Since the day when a French astronomer declared that comets were composed of diamonds and gold we have encountered nothing more entertaining. A little over a century ago comets were learnedly regarded as siderial automobiles packed not with globe but with universe trotters. Maupertius pictured one pulling up at Paris and wondered who would be the more surprised, the boulevardiers or the tourists. The imagination of Ambrose Paré was capable of even greater flights. In his work entitled "Celestial Monsters" he describes a blood-colored comet that sailed about freighted with axes, knives and swords, and which was manned with hideously bearded gnomes. "So horrible and frightful was," he says, "the spectacle of it and such terror did it engender among the devout that many fell sick and others died." Lambert hastened to the rescue. In his "Cosmological Letters" he distinctly stated that a blood-colored comet, however well equipped, could only destroy a few kingdoms. But later he was induced to admit that a real big one might carry off the moon or hurl us "beyond the regions of Saturn, where hideous winter reigns interminably." Kepler himself believed that comets were animated. He said there were more in the sky than fish in the ocean. Arago saw and counted them all. According to him there were exactly seventeen million five hundred thousand. According to Laplace, one of them produced the deluge. On the other hand, Newton announced that a comet as long as from here to Saturn would, if condensed to the degree of our atmosphere, find comfortable quarters in a thimble. Now comes this Austrian gentleman. The peacock which he sees in the perihelion disturbs us as little as it disturbs Flammarion. We assume, as he does, that the end of the earth will coincide, not with the end of the century, but with the end of the sun. When that event occurs we shall have been all too long dead to bother. But meanwhile how suggestive is Austrian astronomy.

FROM THE PAVEMENT TO THE PEERAGE AND BACK AGAIN is the only way in which we can both briefly and prophetically describe the case of the organ-grinder who recently became an earl. The prophecy is based on the assumption that in view of certain details the Crown may withhold what is technically known as the Writ of Summons, and that as a consequence the claimant will not occupy the seat of his father in the House of Lords. Were we the plaintiff we should not let the matter keep us awake. The point is, however, that though he be disqualified, personally he is quite as eligible as the deceased peer, and we have not a doubt but that he is even more so. The late earl had nothing in his favor but a title and a rent-roll of fifteen thousand pounds a year. Before he had either he was an entirely impecunious subaltern. To win a wager which amounted to twenty-five hundred dollars he married the first girl he saw. Subsequently, when the money thus nobly earned was spent, he beat the young person and turned her adrift. These incidents were not more, and perhaps were less, to his discredit than other larks of other lords, but the instructive part of it is that nothing of the kind has been advanced against the claimant. The latter adopted a highly poetic profession and, with his wife at his side, strolled about, a perfectly respectable troubadour, distributing melody through long, mean streets. He is reported to lack the grace with which his father won wagers and worried women, but his nature is nonetheless beautiful for that. Should he, in default of support at home, care to come here, there is, we take it, no impropriety in assuming that Fifth Avenue would receive him with open alms.

WHAT DID PREHISTORIC MAN like best to eat? The Neozoic lamb with Pliocine mint? Not a bit of it. The hylæosaurus *nature* and the archæopteryx *Maitre d'hôtel?* Still less. Prehistoric man dined most comfortably off slices of his brother. Dr. Matiegka, in the course of a charming paper submitted recently to the Anthropological Society of Vienna, shows from some post-tertiary remains which were discovered not long since at Knovizc, in Bohemia, that they were put there by cannibals and by cannibals who preferred the flesh of their own relatives to that of their enemies, particularly, the Doctor is careful to note, "when young and tender." The Doctor learnedly adds that the custom, at that time universal throughout Europe, was induced first by laziness, next by choice, and persisted ultimately for reasons ceremonial. This sounds very new, but, obviously, it is quite old. Besides, instances modern and mediæval and pagan abound. Did not Polyphemus eat human flesh? Homer is indeed open

CAPTAIN B. P. LAMBERTON,
Of the Cruiser Olympia, Manila.

CAPTAIN J. B. COGHLAN,
Of the Cruiser Raleigh, Manila.

CAPTAIN N. N. DYER,
Of the Cruiser Baltimore, Manila.

HON. C. A. CULBERTSON (DEM.),
Senator-elect from Texas.

HON. W. A. CLARK (REP.),
Senator-elect from Montana.

HON. P. J. McCUMBER (REP.),
Senator-elect from North Dakota.

MEN OF THE SWORD AND MEN OF THE FORUM

to criticism, but there is St. Jerome. According to the latter, the Scots of his day preferred the ham of a herdsman to anything else. Then there is Richard Cœur de Lion. Everybody knows that on an occasion when he was unable to get a pork chop he secured a piece of a Saracen and declared it to be infinitely more palatable. Then, too, there is Cameron of Locheil, who, in a struggle which is historic, bit at the cheek of an English trooper and swore ever after that it was the sweetest morsel he had tasted. But that is nothing. Just see how Dewey breakfasted on Montojo. Before you could say Jack Robinson a squadron had been eaten up. What are post-tertiary ceremonies after that?

"COSMOPOLIS" is reported to be dead. This is not an obituary column. It is not even a literary column. But we can't help noting the demise. The ailment, we learn, was lack of funds. How many admirable failures have been superinduced by that simple cause. Editors without number have discovered long-felt wants in impossible subscribers which possible subscribers were unable to discover in themselves. The want which "Cosmopolis" proposed to satisfy was an anxiety to be entertained concurrently in three or four different tongues. The last issue which we remember to have seen contained Ibsen in Norse, Tolstoi in Slav, Bourget in Champs Elysées, and Max Muller in German chips from an Oxford workshop. It was all tip-top, but there was too much pork for two shillings. Mezzofanti could have digested it, but Emerson would have been choked. Emerson wanted everything in English. The average reader is very Emersonian. When he gets through one article he lacks the industry to get out a Roumanian lexicon in order to get through the next. Frequently he lacks not merely the industry but the lexicon. To dragomans, couriers, and linguistic acrobats in general such a handspring is great fun. But to the public it is hard labor. Even otherwise it is one of the miseries of life and the misfortunes of editors that the form of fun has yet to be invented which shall be a joy forever. Considered from the standpoint of comparative philology, "Cosmopolis" deserved to live. Considered from the standpoint of commercial utility, it was doomed to die. Polyglotically speaking, there was nothing in it—*niente, nada, nichts, rien.*

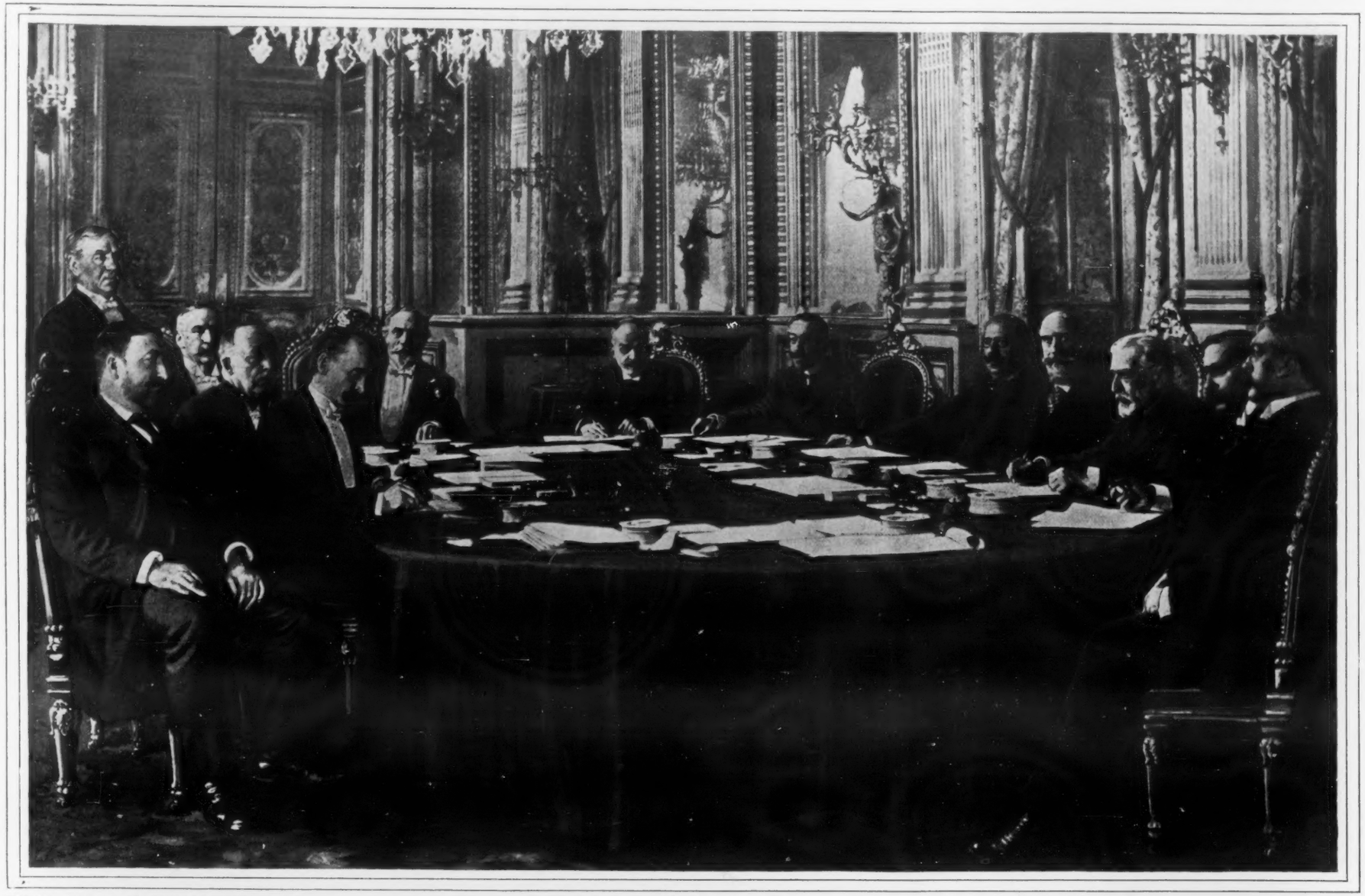
"ESPERANTO" is the sort of thing which might have helped "Cosmopolis" along, and yet again it might not have. At a recent meeting of the French Institute, Esperanto was explained. Esperanto is a universal language which any person of average intelligence can acquire in two hours. We forget how many hours it took to acquire Volapuk, but we do remember that only people of extraordinary intelligence attempted it. What has since become of them and of it nobody knows, and, what is more represensible, nobody cares. Esperanto has a more hopeful sound, but we are unable to welcome it with either faith or fervor. The need of a universal language is not immediate. It would be pleasant, of course, to be able to hold converse with everybody, yet it is still pleasanter not to. In any event, the temptation is one which we have always found strength to resist. The point is, though, that the loquacious can do better with English than with anything else. For a long time past it has been spreading, and the day, while distant, is relatively not remote when, if it isn't a universal tongue, it will be the next best thing.

AN AMERICAN ACADEMY OF LETTERS is a subject which is again being considered in the columns of several of our more or less esteemed contemporaries. The original idea was handed out in the early part of last year by Mr. Warner. At the time it was very amply discussed. But there was not much then to talk about. Thereafter, until within a month or so, we heard little further regarding it. It may be that the war interfered. Now that it is once more on, what we think we have seen described as the *tapis*, we are moved to stick an oar in. By way of preliminary splash, we suggest that members be drawn not from those of whom the world has heard but from those of whom the world has yet to hear. The reason is obvious. There could not otherwise be enough to fill up. An Academy does not presuppose forty geniuses, recognized as such by the genuflections of an adoring universe. If it did the promoters would have to knock at the tombs of the dead. Even so, the latter might object, and even otherwise, there would be memories instead of men. An Academy presupposes, if it presupposes anything, a group of forty individuals, who, whatever else they may be, are not mediocrities. In literature we do not at present possess that many. But we live in hopes. From the tons of manuscripts—unsolicited and with stamp enclosed—which we see dumped on editorial desks, we believe ourselves right in assuming that from among the many amateurs great names will come. In any event, there are enough of them to stock as many Academies as the most ardent of our contemporaries could desire. The majority of them have, it is true, done nothing yet. But there is their charm. An Academy composed of immortals who have done nothing yet would, we think, be much more promising than one made up of gentlemen who are unable to do anything more.

THE OCEANIC, recently launched at Belfast, is the biggest vessel afloat. The first steamer that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah. Her displacement was three hundred and fifty tons. The voyage was effected in twenty-six days and the ship herself was regarded as a wonder. That is eighty years ago. Forty years later the wonder of the Savannah was lost in the marvel of the Great Eastern. Like the Savannah, the Great Eastern was a paddle-wheeler. Subsequently came the Persia. The old packets which took forever to cross the ocean vanished. For the rich and opulent there was the opportunity to go to Europe in less than two weeks. Twenty-five years ago ten days was a fast trip. The first to do better was the Servia. Then from their kennels one after the other the greyhounds emerged. Last year came the Kaiser Wilhelm, with a speed of about twenty-three knots and a displacement of twenty thousand tons. In a recent announcement it was stated that if this ship were set on her stern at the side of the twenty-seven-story St. Paul building on Broadway she would be more than twice as high. Were the same operation performed with the Oceanic she would soar fifty feet higher. How fast she goes we are uninformed. But for the moment the detail is unimportant. Assuming that she makes the trip in six days, and remembering that the Savannah made it in twenty-six, the question at once arises how many years will it be before in ocean travel time is sequestrated and space abolished?

EDGAR SALTUS.

Sen. Wm. P. Frye Sen. Geo. Gray Judge Wm. R. Day Senor J. De Garnica Senor E. Montero Rios Interpreter Fergusson



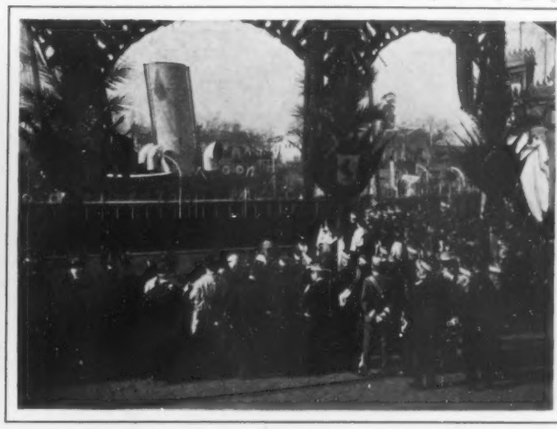
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF, PARIS

Sec'y John B. Moore Sen. Cushman K. Davis Hon. Whitelaw Reid Gen. Rafael Cerero Senor W. R. De Villa-Urrutia Senor B. De Abarzuza Sec'y Emilio De Ojeda

SIGNING OVER AN EMPIRE

THE ONLY COMPLETE HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FINAL SESSION OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSION IN PARIS. TAKEN BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF

THE CROWD OF DIGNITARIES AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE GIRALDA. THE DUKE OF VERAGUA IN CENTRE FOREGROUND (MARKED X)



LANDING THE CASKET CONTAINING THE BONES OF COLUMBUS

THE RETURN OF THE REMAINS OF COLUMBUS TO SEVILLE

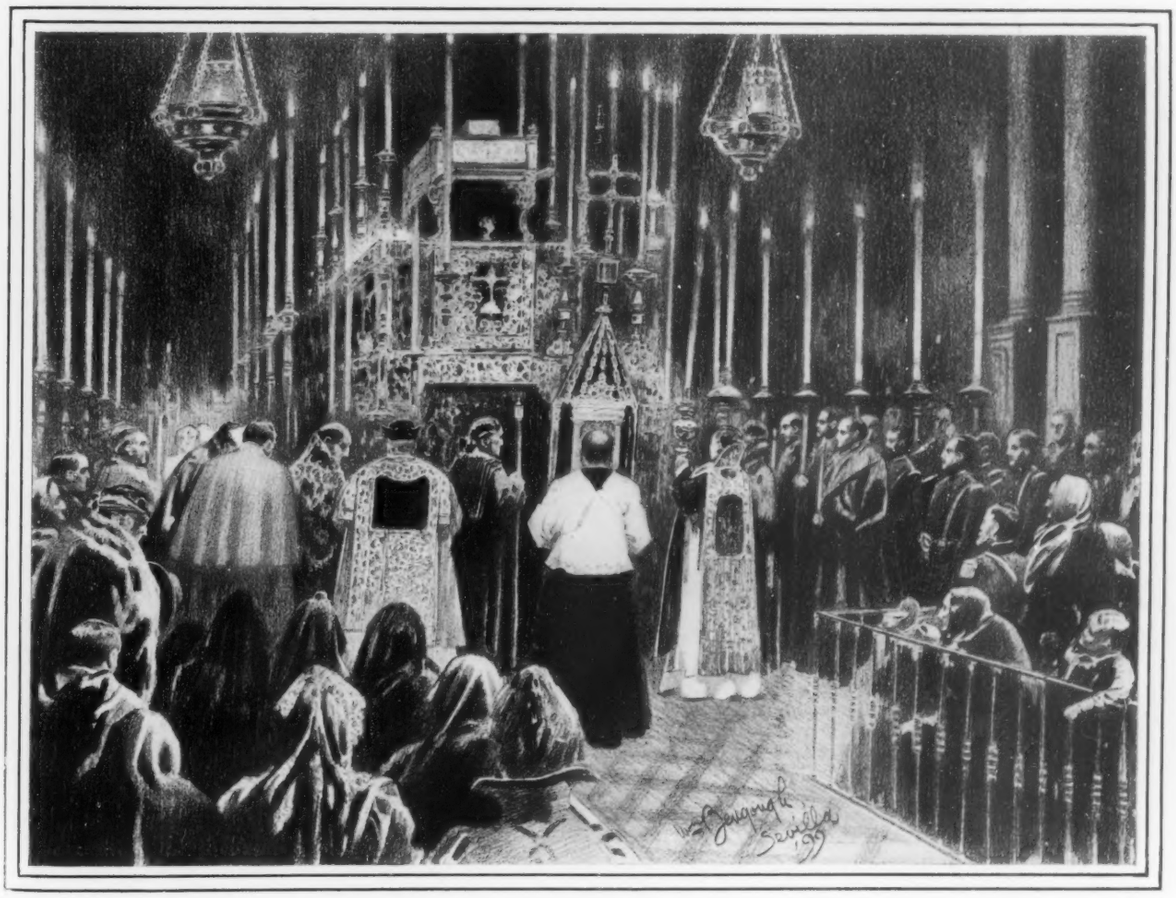
UNDER A BRILLIANT summer sky the remains of Christopher Columbus were brought home to Seville—home to the city where more than four hundred years ago he came in triumph to receive the homage and thanks of his grateful sovereigns. Up the same river, through the same streets, to the same old cathedral, which he travelled in the flesh and flush of life, the little box of dust—all that remains of the once great man—was brought in befitting ceremony back from the Indies, the pride of Spain, to rest sadly enough among the other relics of past greatness.

There was a brilliant gathering at a properly decorated landing on the river embankment. All branches of the official life of Spain were represented—Church and State—glittering in the bright sunlight in uniforms and vestments of every hue and elaboration. Conspicuous among all was the Duke of Veragua, in a resplendent admiral's uniform, cocked hat with white feathers and gold lace, brilliant decorations, pink silk sash and belt, and crape tied in conspicuous bows on his left arm and sword hilt. There was the archbishop, in his richly figured vestments, followed by the two little boy train-bearers; the cardinal in his purple cape; bishops and priests; army and navy officers, foreign representatives, civil dignitaries in evening dress, boys bearing heavy candlesticks in which huge candles burned sickly in the bright sunlight, but poured streams of candle-grease on inattentive uniforms—a gathering that sparkled under the arches of laurel and the streaming flags, surrounded by soldiers and guards, and viewed by thousands of Seville's light-hearted populace, all awaiting the arrival of the ship Giralda, which came in good time, amid the booming of salutes and the excitement of landing the precious box containing the remains.

The Duke of Veragua went on board the ship to view the relic, and then followed it in procession through the crowded streets and beneath the many balconies, where the senoras and Carmens of old Seville were grouped to see the show. Arrived at the cathedral, there was a service of great solemnity, conducted while the people packed and crowded to get a glimpse of the tall bier, where, surrounded by many huge candles, the little box was perched high up on the top of all. Women knelt in groups before the altar rail, the rich tones of melody thundered and melted through the gloom of the old arches and recesses, the sunlight streamed in through a distant window, colored by the glass through which it passed, lighting up the tops of the heads and faces of the crowd who stood in the gloom, the many candles spread a soft light around the bier, while the incense rose in thin clouds as the service proceeded, conducted by all the clergy present. A guard of soldiers stood fixed around the precious relic, and a row of priests in front of them held candles while the cardinal went in solemn procession twice around the bier. The choir of priests sang the services from the old parchment volumes, turning the huge leaves of sprawling bars and notes large enough to be read across the aisle.

The service over, the box—with the one small bone and heap of dust—was taken down with the greatest care by the cathedral servants, gently lifted down on to a huge plush cushion, and then covered by a cloth, and with great solemnity carried and treasured away, under lock and key, surrounded by a strong guard.

WILLIAM BENGOUGH.



DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY WM. BENGOUGH, SEVILLE

THE SERVICE AT THE CATHEDRAL

THE ONLY COMPLETE HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FINAL SESSION OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSION IN PARIS. TAKEN BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF

DRAWN BY EMLEN McCONNELL

THE PARSON WITH BOWED HEAD BEGAN A PRAYER FOR THE POWDER, FOR THE ADVENTURERS WHO TOOK IT, AND FOR THE GENERAL AND ARMY IT WAS DESIGNED TO SERVE

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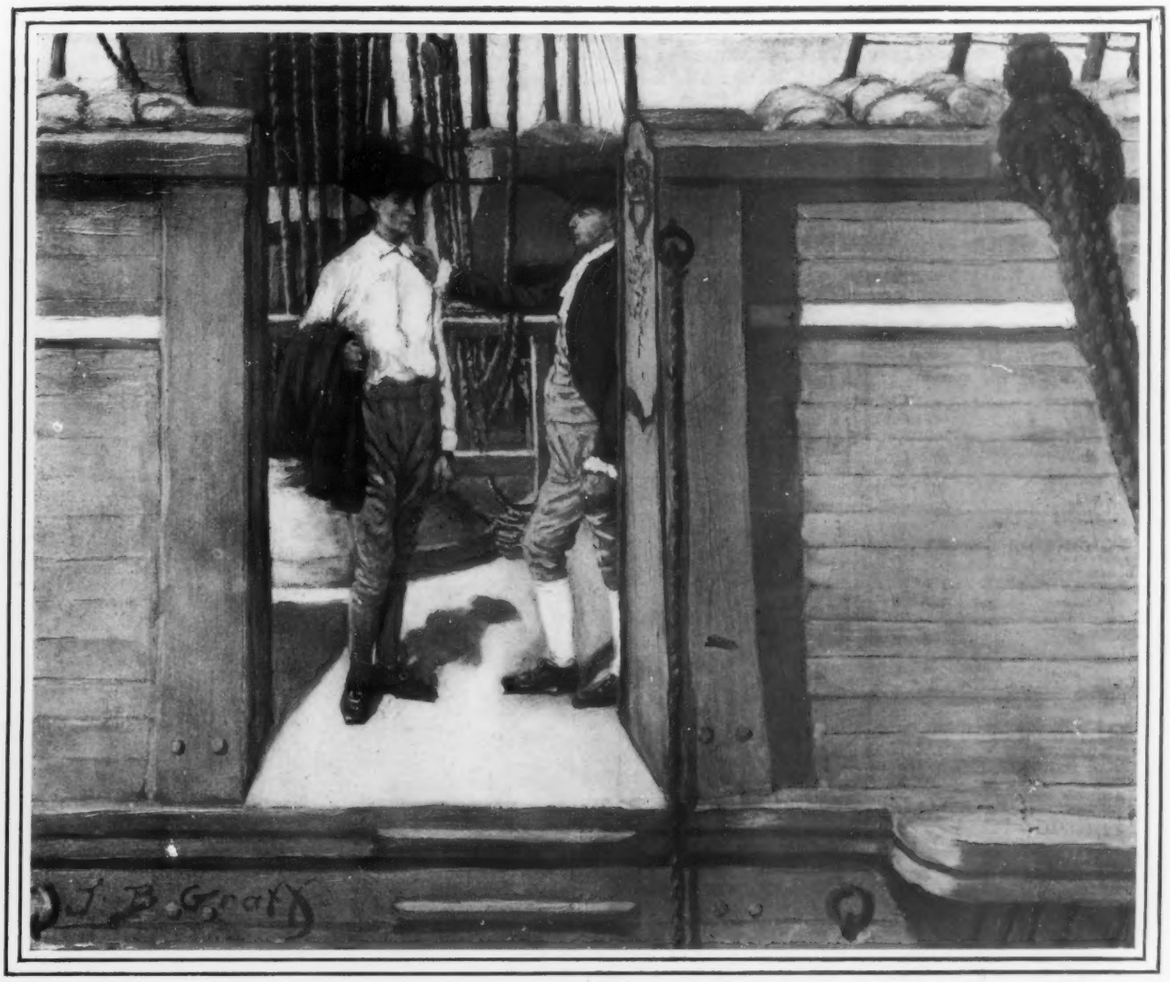


DRAWN BY J. BELL GRAFF

EVATT CHEERED HIM BY PREDICTIONS OF REWARD AND SPEEDY RETURN

JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD, *Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"*

[*Begun in* COLLIER'S WEEKLY *January 28*]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the fifteenth year of the reign of King George III. and of grace 1774. Light is thrown on the mysteries of the toilette of a Colonial beauty and the conduct of an American household 125 years ago. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fownes, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist.

In the village tap-room Fownes quarrels with a traveller, one Evatt, who charges him with desertion from the service of King George. Fownes brands Evatt as a spy. Evatt meets Janice and confides to her that he is an agent of the King.

Fownes, who secretly loves Janice, becomes drill-master to the Brunswick Invincibles. Squire Meredith enters into an alliance with Philemon Hennion, son of his political rival, and encourages his suit with Janice.

Fownes meets General Washington and determines to join the colonists. Evatt again appears, and Philemon Hennion goes on a mission to Lord Howe.

XIII

THE LOGIC OF HONORED PARENTS AND DUTIFUL CHILDREN

PHILEMON AND EVATT WERE IN THE saddle by five the next morning, and a little more than an hour later held consultation with Bagby. Everything except Phil's intended mission was quickly told him.

"Jingo!" he remarked, and then whistled. "Why, 'tis stealing! Isn't there to be no law in the land? When do they plot to rob us?"

"They meet this evenin' to scheme it, an' a body can't tell when they'll act."

"'Twon't likely be to-night, but I'll keep guard myself, all the same, and some of the Invincibles shall watch every night."

This warning given, and a bite taken at the tavern by way of breakfast, the ride to Amboy was made in quick time. Here a boat was secured, and the two were rowed off to the Asia as she lay inside the Hook. Evatt had a long conference with her captain in his cabin, and apparently won consent to his plan; for when he returned on deck, a cutter was cleared away and Phil was told it would put him on the tender which was to carry him to Boston. With many a longing glance at the shore, he bade good-by to Evatt, who cheered him by predictions of reward and speedy return.

Philemon gone, Evatt remained a short time in conference with the chaplain of the man-of-war, and then returned to Amboy. Once more taking horse, he set off on his return to Greenwood, arriving there in the heat of the afternoon. He was forced, by the absence of all the working force in hayfield, to stable his horse himself, and then he walked toward what he had already observed from the saddle—Janice, seated upon a garden bench under a poplar on the lawn, making artificial flowers. Let it be acknowledged that until the appearance of Evatt the girl had worked languidly, and had allowed long pauses of idleness while she meditated, but with his advent she became the embodiment of industry.

"Odd's life!" the man ejaculated as he sat down beside the worker. "'Twixt love's heat and an August sun, your lover, Janice, has come nigh to dissolving."

Janice, with hands that shook, essayed to snip out a rose petal which her own cheeks matched in tint.

Evatt removed first his hat, and then his wig, that he might mop his head. Having replaced the hirsute ornament, he continued: "And thy father is as hot for thy marriage with that yokel. He set the day yestere'en."

"When?" demanded the girl, looking up anxiously.

"What say you to this day week?"

"Oh!" cried Janice. "Was ever maid born under such a ha'penny planet?"

"Don't make outcry 'gainst thy star when it has sent you a lover in the nick of time, ready to save you from the bumpkin."

Janice took a shy come-and-go glance at him and said: "You mean—"

"What say you to an elopement?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, meeting Evatt's gaze eagerly. "'Twould be monstrous delightsome to be run off with, of course; but—"

"But what?"

"Well—I— Mommy told me that in the province no maid could be lawfully wed without her parents' consent."

"True," assented the tempter, "if she wed where the colony law holds good. But we'll get round that by having the knot tied on royal ground."

"Not in England?" said the girl, drawing back a little.

"Think you I'd treat the lass I love like that," responded Evatt reproachfully. "Nay. A friend of mine is chaplain on the Asia man-of-war, and he'll make no bones about helping us. And as the king's flag and broad arrow puts the ship out of the colony jurisdiction, 'twill make the thing legal despite the law."

"How romantic!" exclaimed Janice. "To think of making a stolen match, and of being wed on a king's ship!"

"Now dost want to rail at thy star?"

"'Tis great good fortune," ecstatically sighed the girl. "Think you 'twould be right?"

"Would I ask it if 'twere not?" rejoined Evatt heartily.

"But dadda and mommy—" began the falterer.

"Will be pleased enough when the job's done. Think you, if they weren't bound they'd not rather have a titled son-in-law than that gawk?"

"A what!" cried Janice.

"Thou dost not know thy lover's true name, Janice? 'Tis John Ombrey, Lord Clowes, who sits beside thee."

Janice sprang to her feet. "And I've spoke to you as if you were just—just a man," she cried in a horrified voice. "'Twas not fair so to beguile me!"

Evatt looked at the ground to hide the smile he could not suppress. "'Twas done for the king, Janice," he said. "And 'tis all the more romantic that I've won you without your knowing. Sit down again; if 'twere not in view of the house I should be kneeling to you."

BAITING THE BRIT

THE ARMORED TURRET-SHIP TAUREGUIBERRY SPEEDING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL OFF CHERBOURG. THIS FORMIDABLE FIGHTI
A THOUSAND TONS THAN THE PET OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, THE OREGON, BUT OF LIGHTER ARMAMENT. SHE
GUNS. THE TAUREGUIBERRY WAS BUILT AT LA SEYNE, IS STEEL ARMORED, 364 FEET LONG, AND HAS DEVELOPED

HE RITISH LION

GHT ACHINE IS THE BEST OF HER CLASS IN THE NAVY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. SHE IS OF GREATER DISPLACEMENT BY OVER
SHE D MAKE A GOOD SHOWING AGAINST THE BRITISH FIRST-CLASS TRAFALGAR, THOUGH THE LATTER CARRIES HEAVIER
PED ED OF 18.07 KNOTS AN HOUR; SHE CARRIES A CREW OF 625 MEN, AND IS ARMED WITH 10-INCH AND 12-INCH GUNS

Janice sank back on the garden seat. "I can't believe it yet!" she murmured breathlessly. "I knew of course thou wast a court gentleman, but—"

"And now I suppose you'll send me packing and wed the yokel?" suggested the lover.

"Oh, no!" cried Janice. "If you—if you really—" the girl gave a glance at the man, colored to the temples, and, springing to her feet, fled toward the house. She did not stop till she had reached her room, where she flung herself on the bed and buried her cheeks in the pillow. Thus she lay for some time, then rose, looked at herself in the mirror, and finding her hair sadly disordered, she set about the task of doing it over. "'Tis beyond belief!" she murmured. "I must be very beautiful!" She paused in her task, and studied her own face. "Now I know why he always makes me feel so uncomfortable—and afraid—and—and gawky. 'Tis because he is a lord. Sometimes he does look at me as if—as if he were hungry—ugh! It frightens me. But he must know what's the mode. 'Lady Janice Clowes.' 'Tis a pity the title is not prettier. Whatever will Tibbie say when she hears!"

It was a little after ten that evening when the squire and Evatt parted for the night in the upper hall, the former being, as usual, not tipsy but in a jovial mood toward all things; and as this attitude is conducive to sleep, his snores were ere long reverberating to all waking ears. One pair of these were so keenly alive to every noise that not the chirp of a cricket escaped them, and from time to time their owner started at the smallest sound. Owing to this attention, they heard presently the creak of the stairs, the soft opening of the front door, and even the swish of feet on the grass. Then, though the ears fairly strained to catch the least noise, came a silence, save for the squire's trumpeting, for what seemed to the girl a period fairly interminable.

Finally the rustling of the grass told of the return of the prowler, and as the girl heard it she once more began trembling. "Oh!" she moaned. "If only I hadn't—if only he'd go away!" She rose from the bed, and stole to the window. "Mr. Evatt, I'm so frightened—I don't dare," she whispered to the figure standing below. "Wait till to-morrow night!"

"Nonsense!" said the man, so loudly that Janice was more scared than ever. "I told you it must be to-night. Come down quickly."

"Oh, please?" moaned Janice.

"Dost want to be the wife of that gawk?" demanded Evatt impatiently.

Though he did not know it, the girl vacillated. "At least I'm not frightened of Phil," was her thought.

"Well," called the man more loudly, "art going to keep me here all night?"

"Hush!" whispered Janice. "Thee'll wake—"

"Belike I will," he retorted irritably. "And if they ask me what's in the wind, they shall have the truth. Odd's life! I'm not a man to be fooled by a chit of a girl."

"Oh, hush!" again she begged, more frightened at the prospect of her parents knowing than by any other possibility. "I'll come if you'll only be quiet."

She took a small bundle, hurriedly stole downstairs and passed out of the house.

"Now you've come to your senses," said the man. "Give me the bundle and your hand," he continued, and set out at a rapid pace across the lawn, having almost to drag the girl, her feet carried her so unwillingly. "Over with you," he ordered, as they reached the stile at the corner, and when Janice descended she found two horses hitched to the fence and felt a little comforted by the mere presence of Daisy. She was quickly mounted, and they set off, the girl so helpless in her fright that Evatt had to hold her horse's bridle as well as his own.

"Burn it!" exclaimed Evatt, presently, "art never going to end thy weeping?"

"If you would only have waited till—" sobbed Janice.

"'Twas no time for shilly-shallying," interrupted the man. "Dost not see that we had to take to-night, when the groom was gone, for there'd have been no getting the horses with him sleeping in the stable?"

"What if we meet him returning!" cried the girl, her voice shaking.

"'Twould little matter. Think you he could catch us afoot?"

"But he could tell dadda."

"And by that time we shall be two-thirds of the way to Amboy. 'Tis but a twenty miles, and we should be there by three. Then if we meet no delay in getting a boat, we should be on the Asia near seven. By eight the chaplain will have made us twain one."

"Oh!" moaned the girl, "what ever will dadda say?"

As this was a question no one could answer, a silence ensued, which lasted until they rode into Brunswick. Guiding the horses upon the green, to reduce the beat of their hoofs to a minimum, Evatt turned off the grass at the river road and headed toward the bridge across the Raritan. As they approached, a noise of some kind arrested Evatt's attention, and he was just checking the horses when a voice cried:

"Stand!"

Janice gave a startled cry which instantly set a dog barking.

"Keep silence!" again ordered the unseen man.

Evatt, after an oath below his breath, demanded, "By what right do you stop us, whoever you are?"

"By the right of powder and ball," remarked the voice dryly.

Again the dog barked, and both Evatt and the unseen man swore. "Curse the beast!" said the latter. "Hist, Charles! Call the dog, or he'll wake the town."

Another voice from a little distance called "Clarion!" in a guarded inflection; meantime the dog had discovered his mistress, and was jumping about her horse, giving little yelps of pleasure.

In another instant Charles came running up. "What's wrong?" he questioned.

"'Tis a couple of riders I've halted," said the voice from the shadow.

"Out of the way!" ordered Evatt. "You ve no right to prevent us from going forward. I've pistols in my holsters, and you'd best be careful how you take the law into your own hands."

The groom gave an exclamation as he recognized the riders; and, paying no attention to Evatt, he sprang to the side of the girl and rested his hand on the bridle, as if to prevent her horse from moving while he asked in amazement: "What brings you here?"

Speechless and shamed, the girl hung her head.

"Let go that bridle, you whelp!" blustered Evatt, throwing back the flap of his holster and pulling out a heavy horse pistol.

As he made the motion, the bondsman dropped the rein and seized the hand that held the weapon. For a moment there was a sharp struggle in which the third man, who sprang from the shadow, joined. Nor did Evatt cease resistance until three more men came running up, when, overborne by numbers, he was dragged from his horse and held to the ground. In the whole contest both sides had maintained an almost absolute silence, as if each had reasons for not waking the villagers.

"Stuff a sod of grass in his mouth to keep him quiet," ordered Charles, panting, "and tie him hand and foot." Taking a lantern from one of the men, he walked back to the speechless and frightened girl and held the light to her face. "'Tis not possible you—you—oh! I'll never believe it of you."

With pride and mortification struggling for mastery, Janice replied: "What you think matters not to me."

"You were eloping with this man?"

Though the groom's thoughts were of no moment to the girl, she replied: "To escape marrying Philemon Hennion."

"What things women are!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "You deserve no better than to be the doll common of that fellow, but—"

"We were to be married," cried Janice.

"In the reign of Queen Dick!"

"This very day on the Asia frigate."

"A likely tale," jeered the man. "Bring that fellow down to the boat," he called, and, taking the bridle, he started walking.

"Where are you taking me?" inquired Janice in fright.

"The parson is down by the river, helping transfer the powder, and I'm going to leave you with him to take back to Greenwood."

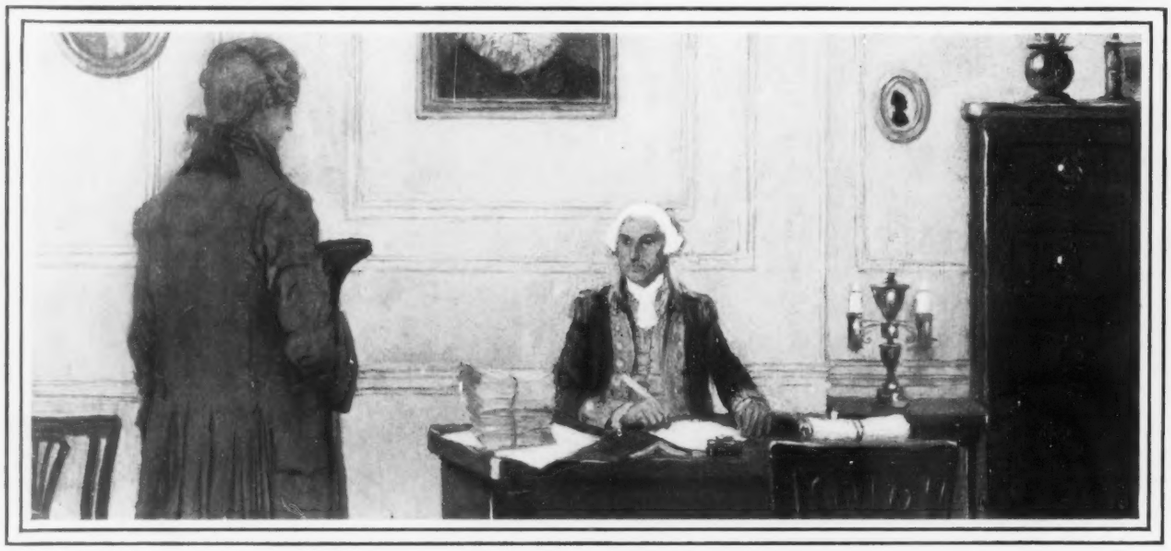
"Oh, Charles!" besought the girl. "You'll not be so cruel. I'd sooner die than—than— Think what mommy—and dadda—and the whole village— I didn't want to go with him—but— Please, oh! please? You'll not disgrace me? I'll promise never to go off with him—indeed—"

"I'll be bound to that," sneered the servant with a harsh laugh, "for I'm going to take him with me to Cambridge."

For a moment Janice was silent; then cried: "If you only knew how I hate you!"

The man laughed bitterly. "I do—from the way I hate—ay, and despise you."

Another moment brought them to the edge of a wharf, where a number of men were busying themselves in stowing barrels on board a small sloop.



DRAWN BY J. BELL GRAFF

"I UNDERSTAND YOUR EXCELLENCY IS IN NEED OF POWDER"

"Hold this horse," ordered the servant, while he joined one of the toilers and drew him apart in consultation.

"Powder aboard, cap'n," presently called some one.

"Take that man and stow him below decks along with it," ordered Charles. "Good-by, parson. I hope to send good news from Cambridge of this night's work. Boys, take Bagby out of the stocks before daylight, and tell him if the Invincibles want their powder to follow us, and they shall have fifty rounds of it a man, with plenty of fighting to boot. All aboard that are for the front!"

Half a dozen men followed, while those on the wharf cast off the fasts. But all at once stood still when the parson, with bowed head, began a prayer for the powder, for the adventurers who took it, and for the general and army it was designed to serve. Sternly yet eloquently he prayed, until the boat had drifted with the tide out of hearing, and the creak of the blocks came across the water, showing that those on board were making sail. Then as the men on the wharf dispersed, he mounted the horse Evatt had ridden.

"Janice Meredith," he said, "I purpose to occupy this ride with a discourse upon the doctrine of total depravity, from which downward path you have been saved this night, deducing therefrom an illustration of the workings of grace through foreordination—the whole with a view to the saving of your soul and the admonishment of your sinful nature."

XIV

A SUDDEN SCARCITY OF BEAUX

IT WAS DAYLIGHT when the parson and Janice rode through the gate of Greenwood, and the noise of hoofs brought both the girl's parents to the window of their bedroom in costumes as yet by no means completed. Yet when, in reply to the demand of the squire as to what was the meaning of this arrival, it was briefly explained to him that his daughter had

(*Continued on page 18*)

THE DRAMA

AT THE Knickerbocker Mr. E. H. Sothern is celebrating his first appearance at a Broadway theatre in New York by presenting "The King's Musketeer," by Henry Hamilton. Hitherto, Mr. Sothern has shone before his New York admirers at the Lyceum Theatre only. His piece is one of the three versions of "The Three Musketeers" given in London this winter. Apart from the quality of the production, the event is interesting as it marks a signal victory for the Theatrical Syndicate over one of the many managers who, by not working with it, find themselves dead against it. When an organization becomes so powerful that to be independent of it is to be its natural enemy, then it may justly be regarded with apprehension. This is why actors, as a rule, speak so disrespectfully of the Theatrical Trust, as the syndicate is sometimes called, and why, in thinking of it, so many managers, as they say in France, "gnaw their finger-nails." At this moment the Liebler Company, about to produce a rival version of the Dumas romance at the Broadway Theatre with an uncommonly strong organization headed by James O'Neil, is sustaining the deep humiliation of having been beaten by Mr. Sothern, who is very much in the Trust. Just why it should be of vast importance to each of these troups to appear first in New York is not altogether clear to the untheatrical mind. Indeed, the chances are that whichever won the first toss the result would be practically the same. Mr. O'Neil is a born romantic actor with the best part of his career behind him; Mr. Sothern is a born comedian, tempted by the tastes of the day to become an interpreter of romantic parts, for which he is utterly unfitted by physique and by temperament. Under the circumstances, which of the two will win the victory? Sothern probably, because of his strong personal following as well as his powerful backing.

THE CLOAK OF PORTHOS

Scene from Mr. E. H. Sothern's new production of "The King's Musketeer" at the Knickerbocker Theatre

A feature of the Liebler production will be the first appearance in New York of Miss Blanche Bates since her sudden withdrawal from the Daly Company, after making a hit in "The Great Ruby." The rupture gave rise to the report that Miss Bates had been driven out by the jealousy of Miss Ada Rehan, who has long been supposed to resent successes made by actresses associated with her. So far as can be learned, however, Miss Rehan had nothing to do with the matter, and, in print, at any rate, Miss Bates has not even mentioned Miss Rehan's name. The whole trouble seems to have been due to a feeling on the part of the young actress that, since joining the company, she had not been fairly treated; she had been subjected to personal slights, and when, after waiting a year, her chance for success finally came and she scored, Mr. Daly gave her no recognition. Well, it is not the policy of Mr. Daly to show enthusiasm over the success of subordinate members of his company; he is terribly afraid of a disease known to be prevalent among actors, and commonly called "the big head." When Miss Bates played secondary parts she was overshadowed by Miss Rehan; before making her hit, the only reasonably good part she had was Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew."

JOHN D. BARRY.

MISS BLANCHE BATES

THE OPERA

MEYERBEER'S "Les Huguenots" offers opportunities for brilliant singing and gorgeous dressing. Looked at from the standpoint of material and vocal magnificence, the recent seven-dollar performance surpasses any preceding production of this opera in America. The mise-en-scène is generally of rare beauty, the mounting of the scene, representing the grounds of Marguerite de Valois, being charmingly dainty—a foreground of quaintly dressed women surrounding a diamond-bedecked princess—and that picture alone is worth going far to see. On this "red-letter" (or should one say this "green-back") occasion, in which Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Madame Nordica, Plançon, Victor Maurel, *and* Madame Sembrich (to quote the official programme) appear; the little Polish cantatrice was not in her best form. Nevertheless her work was a revelation of *coloratore* singing, and delighted an enthusiastic audience.

Madame Nordica, who upon this occasion appeared as Valentine for the first time this season (succeeding Madame Lehmann, who sang the part at the earlier performance of "Les Huguenots"), was handsome as a Gainsboro lady in her habit of green velvet and hat with nodding plumes. Madame Nordica's work takes on an increased beauty when she is inspired by association with other artists of equal power. In this production of the "Huguenots" the two artists, Sembrich and Nordica, exhibited a harmony of action at all times which helped to perfect the pictures in which they together took part.

Among the male singers engaged in this unique performance, Edouard de Reszke did the best work of the evening. His Marcel is realistic and sincere, his singing of the part sonorous, sure and satisfying. Jean de Reszke, whose Raoul is well known as one of the best parts among this tenor's repertory, resorted to mezzo voce in most unexpected places, and failed to warm to his work until the duet with Valentine. In that form of this composition, Raoul, who has dashed into the thick of the fray between the Huguenots and their oppressors, is mortally wounded. He is found by Marcel and Valentine, who has left her home to seek him; and there, in the midst of a street scene horrible with the marks of carnage, the two lovers are at last united. In the version known to present opera attendants, Raoul leaps from Valentine's window as shots are heard, and the audience is left to surmise as to whether he breaks his neck in the fall or is immediately shot. The fate of De Nevers and Valentine is left equally unexplained. Victor Maurel's work as De Nevers does not inspire admiration. As San Bris, Monsieur Plançon is at his best. Some of the younger singers of the company have been doing excellent work of late, notably Monsieur Meux, who, as Wagner in "Faust," Fiorello in the "Barber of Seville," De Retz in "Les Huguenots," has revealed a baritone voice of fine quality and much promise. Madame Mantelli as Urbano was a delightful page.

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THE OBSEQUIES OF GENERAL GARCIA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

HAVANA, *Feb.* 13, 1899

SHORTLY before noon of Thursday the midday quiet of Havana was broken by a salute of twenty-one guns, the usual announcement of the coming into the harbor of a vessel of a foreign navy. As if by magic, the streets became alive with people, and cabs of every description were to be seen hurrying toward the Machina, the principal wharf of the city. In a few minutes the American boat Nashville, bearing the remains of General Calixto Garcia, steamed into the harbor and anchored a stone's throw from the wreck of the Maine.

The docks and piers in the immediate vicinity of the Machina were crowded with people when, two hours after the arrival of the Nashville, the steam tug Gonzalez carried the body from the ship to the landing. Military-Governor General Ludlow and his staff, all in full uniform, Mayor Lacoste, Civil Governor Mora, General Metoeal, and other representatives of the official and civil life of the city were present, and two files of American soldiers made a passageway from the landing to the gate leading to the street. The distance between the wharf and the palace being short the box was carried on the shoulders of some prominent Cuban officers, and followed by thousands of people.

The room in the palace where his body laid in state the whole of Friday was one mass of sombre black, relieved by the golden stars which were fastened artistically upon the funereal hangings. Lighted candles, according to the custom of the Catholic Church, were placed at the head and foot of the bier, and two colored Cuban soldiers in their light cotton uniforms stood on guard the entire time. From morning till night a steady stream of people passed around the coffin and took a last look at the face of a man who had fought for Cuban independence for thirty years.

The funeral on Saturday was an imposing affair, though marred by a childish exhibition of temper and lack of dignity on the part of some Cuban officers. It seems that General Brooke, who rode in a carriage and was given the post of honor after the carriage containing Garcia's son, was some distance from his staff, who were placed after five hundred Cuban cavalry. He gave orders that his staff should not be separated from him, but should ride immediately behind his carriage. These orders were given, the Cubans claim, after all arrangements had been made and the procession had started. As a result, instead of their army occupying the position of a guard of honor, the Cubans insisted that it would appear as if the Americans occupied that position. Because General Brooke refused to rescind the order, every Cuban officer and soldier, and the Cuban Assembly, withdrew from the line at various points along the route of the procession. It is said that at a secret meeting of the Assembly held last evening resolutions were adopted and sent to President McKinley asking for General Brooke's recall. Whether they are right or wrong in their contention, General Garcia's family and many of the educated Cubans in the city are of the opinion that their withdrawal was an insult to the memory of General Garcia, and displayed a lack of dignity unworthy of a free people.

At least the American authorities did everything in their power to show their respect for the dead general, and could have done no more had it been one of their own soldiers. The box containing the body was carried on a gun caisson drawn by eight horses. On each side walked four Cuban soldiers, who were the only ones who marched the entire distance to the cemetery.

A marked feature of the procession was the marching of hundreds of women, girls, and children. They carried the banners of their patriotic clubs, and many of the girls and children were dressed in typical costumes illustrative of Cuba libre. The whole fire department was in line, and made a picturesque showing with their red shirts, blue trousers, and high rubber boots. The whole route of the procession was crowded with people.

It was quite late when the cemetery was reached, and consequently the ceremonies at the grave were short and impressive. The Bishop of Havana chanted the Catholic burial service, and when the sun had almost set in the western sky the body was slowly lowered into the grave.

JACOB LYCHENHEIM.

M. EMILE LOUBET,
Who succeeds the late M. Felix Faure as President of the French Republic.

OUR LONDON LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

LONDON, *Feb.* 12, 1899

"SYSTEMATIC PROVOCATION" is now the word used by angry France against British methods. But it is to be hoped that all France is not angry, just as it is certain that all England is not bellicose. These last years of the dying century seem to be crucial indeed for the French people. A whole world sneers at the rottenness of their army; menace is in every cloud that rolls over the Hôtel de Ville, and when these do not resemble the lily of royalty they wear the shape of big imperial bees.

Never was there a time when the country should be more guarded about her own internal affairs; and yet Fashoda is no sooner decorously buried as a quarrel, though far from deeply, than "Madagascar" (not to mention "Newfoundland") comes along as a fresh subject for *la haute politique*, with irascible snarl and the pertest of struts. It is by no means baselessly assumed that hitherto England's only guarantee for the open door has been her own acquisition of a territory, together with its occupation or protection. But if Lord Ferrer showed not long ago that trade does not follow the flag after all, so do certain foreign nations make it very evident that British trade is by no means the desired associate of their own. Not merely has this repugnance been disclosed by France in the matter of Madagascar. Russia insists that all coasting trade on the Black Sea must be conducted by ships belonging solely to herself. Germany has not disclosed great cordiality toward the commercial genius of her sister empire, and there is probably not a single one of the Powers which fails to look askance at that prodigious push evidenced in latter years by a land overflowing with industries and bent upon their future dissemination throughout the entire globe. Unquestionably, it is urged, England has treaty rights in Madagascar which France has now and then quite disdained. These rights, as Lord Salisbury pointed out to Sir Edward Monson in 1898, were not to be affected in the slightest way by that Protectorate over Madagascar which the British Government concluded, in 1890, fully to recognize. Afterward, as everybody is aware, France annexed this immense island, and on doing so, it is here widely claimed, she renewed assurances given eight years ago.

There is no more doubt that Great Britain expects an open door in the Philippines (provided those islands become part and parcel of the United States) than that she will exert every energy to maintain one in Madagascar. An influential London journal has already defined our transatlantic posture as "a little ambiguous" and has added that fear lest American expansion may lead to some undermining of the exclusive fiscal system no doubt explains the opposition which it is meeting from ultra-Protectionists. This has an odd sound, in the circumstances, it must be confessed. I am unable to recall just how many ultra-Protectionists there were among the Peace Commissioners at Paris; but surely among them was more than one anti-freetrader as time-honored in his convictions as Mr. Whitelaw Reid. With regard to President McKinley, I am unaware why the cupola of "ultra" should not be allowed to crown his well-known ardors in the way of Protectionism. It certainly looks as though England may be called upon for some time hence to note with anxiety if not alarm the "ambiguity" of the American posture. When she can't have her open door she will assuredly growl to get it, and where she finds growls of no avail she will begin bombardments with those peaceful but sometimes almost suffocating broadsides peculiar to her majestic self, and which she likes to call by the euphonious name of "diplomacy."

Considering the recent tenor of critical treatment accorded here to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, you are inclined to ask yourself if the idol of the hour is in risk of being dethroned. For a good while past it has rained plaudits upon this author. If there have been those who did not think him quite the radiant genius he was called, or those who held his style more fantastic than solid, more feverish than graceful, more tremulous than truly vivacious, and more savage than tasteful, these observers have in few instances presumed to air any such unpopular verdict. Now, however, they are seemingly permitted freer parlance, and the sanctuary has of late been violated with a temerity almost past belief. "Is Mr. Kipling played out?" may have for the loyal worshipper a very irreverent sound, but I am afraid it is being said not seldom, and I know that it has been audaciously printed.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN ALLIANCE

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

PARIS, *Feb.* 11, 1899

FOR THOSE WHO want to talk of politics, and yet are determined to dodge the Dreyfus affair, the main subject of discussion is just now the possibility of a Franco-German alliance. It was Jules Lemaître, the distinguished academician, upon whom quiet literary glory has so palled that he is now endeavoring to become a political leader, who found in his heart the pluck to try this upon the French public.

Before it was accepted, his first article on the question went the rounds of the Paris editors, who, like the editors of other countries I could name, entertain curious superstitions as to what will promote or injure circulation. Not one of them could be induced to "touch" this Franco-German alliance proposal. At last, however, Valentin Simond gave it room in "L'Echo de Paris," having probably devised some plan to pacify his public after the advertising strength of this bold insult to the sacred creeds was all spent.

And now Valentin Simond and his *confrères* are amazed to hear the echo of approval which is rolling in from all over the country. It seemed as though many were but waiting for a signal to let out in print or by word of mouth what had been weighing heavily upon their mind; namely, that the time has passed when an effort should have been made to reconquer Alsace-Lorraine; that the frank, open abandonment of all idea of revenge is now imperative if France is not to die of this cancerous notion, which professional patriots have kept festering in her flanks for almost thirty years.

After the war of 1870–71, France, bleeding, ransomed, dismembered, was enraged with humiliation and physical pain and vowed that she would not rest until avenged. New generations are come, more enlightened, hence more sceptical of success in the contemplated onslaught, more sceptical of the advantages of such a success even.

They know that Alsace, even when under French rule, was always mostly German in language, customs and manners; that to-day there are in the two provinces two million Germans, and only one hundred and forty thousand people of French origin, most of whom have by now received a German education, served in the German army, been thoroughly Germanized; that, in short, it is a question whether Alsace, or even Lorraine, would want to come back at all.

HENRI DUMAY.

The Twenty-third Annual Dog Show

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JANICE MEREDITH

(*Continued from page 14*)

attempted to elope with his guest, he descended to the porch without regard to scantiness of clothing.

A terrible ten minutes for Janice succeeded, while the squire thundered his anger at her, and she, overcome, sobbed her grief and mortification into Daisy's mane. Then, when her father had drained the vials of his wrath, her mother appeared, in more proper garb, and in her turn heaped blame and scorn on the girl's bowed head. For a time the squire echoed his wife's indignation, but it is one thing to express wrath one's self and quite another to hear it fulminated by some one else; so presently the squire's heart began to soften for his lass, and he attempted at last to speak, not in defence, but in palliation of her conduct. This promptly resulted in Mrs. Meredith's ordering Janice off the horse and to her room. "Where I'll finish what I have to say," announced her mother; and the girl, helped down by Mr. Meredith, did as she was told, longing only for death.

The week which succeeded was a nightmare to Janice, her mother constantly recurring to her wickedness, the servants addressing her with a scared breathlessness which made her feel that she was indeed declassed forever, while the people of the neighborhood, when she ventured out-of-doors, either grinned broadly or looked dourly when they met her, showing the girl that her shame was town property.

Mrs. Meredith also took frequent occasion to insist on the girl's marriage with Mr. McClave, on the ground that he alone could properly chasten her; but to this the squire refused to listen, insisting that such a son-in-law he would never have, and that he was bound to Philemon. "We'll keep close watch on her, for the time he's away, and then marry her out of hand the moment he's returned," he said.

Had the parents attempted to carry out the system of espionage that they enforced during the first month they would have had their hands full far longer than they dreamed. Week after week sped by, summer ripened into fall, and fall faded into winter, but Philemon came not. Little by little Janice's misconduct ceased to be a general theme of village talk, and the life at Greenwood settled back into its accustomed groove. Even the mutter of cannon before Boston was but a matter of newspaper news, and the war, though now fairly inaugurated, affected the squire chiefly by the loss of the bondsman, for whom he advertised in vain.

One incident which happened shortly after the proposed elopement, and which cannot be passed over without mention, was a call from Squire Hennion on Mr. Meredith. The master of Boxely opened the interview by shaking his fist within a few inches of the rubicund countenance of the master of Greenwood, and, suiting his words to the motion, he roared: "May Belza take yer, yer old—" and the particular epithet is best omitted, the eighteenth-century vocabulary being more expressive than refined—"fer sending my boy ter Boston, wheer, belike, he'll never git away alive."

"Don't try to bully me!" snorted the squire, shaking his fist in turn, and much nearer to the hatchet-face of his antipathy. "Put that down or I'll teach ye manners. Yes, damn ye, for the first time in yer life ye shall be made to behave like a gentleman!"

"I defy yer ter do it!" retorted Hennion, with unconscious humor.

"Heyday!" said Mrs. Meredith, entering, "what's the cause of all this hurly-burly?"

"Enuf cause, an' ter spare," howled Hennion. "Here this—" once more the title is left blank for propriety's sake—"hez beguiled poor Phil inter goin' on some fool errand ter Boston, an' the feller knew so well I wudn't hev it thet all he dun wuz ter write me a line, tellin' how this —— insisted he shud go an' thet he'd started. 'Twixt yer whiffet of a gal an' yer old —— of a husband, ye've bewitched all the sense the feller ever hed in his noddle, durn yer!"

"Let him talk," jeered the squire. "'Twill not bring Phil back. What's more, I'll make him smile the other side of his teeth before I've done with him. Harkee, man, I've a

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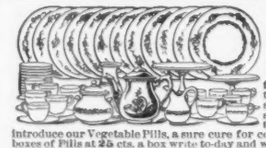

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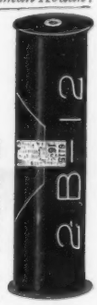

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rod in pickle that will make ye cry small." The squire took a bundle of papers from an iron box and flourished them under Hennion's nose. "There are assignments of every mortgage ye owe, ye old fox, and pay day's coming."

"Let it," sneered the owner of Boxely. "Yer think I didn't know, I s'pose? Waal, thet's wheer yer aout. Phil, he looked so daown in ther maouth just afore yer went ter York thet I knew theer must be sumthin' ter make him act so pukish, an' I feels araound a bit, an' ez he ain't the best hand at deceivin' I hez the fac's in no time. An' ez I cudn't hev them 'ere mortgages in better hands, I tell'd him ter go ahead an' help yer all he cud. 'Twas I gave him the list of them I owed."

The squire, though taken aback, demanded: "And I suppose ye have the money ready to douse on pay day?"

Hennion sniggered. "Yer won't be hard, thet I know, squire. I reckon ye'll go easy on me."

"If ye think I'm goin' to spare ye on account of Phil ye are mightily out. I'll foreclose the moment each falls due, that I warn ye."

"Haow kin yer foreclose whin theer ain't no courts?"

"Pish!" snapped the mortgagor. "'Tis purely temporary; within a twelvemonth there'll be law enough. Think ye England is sleeping?"

"We'll see, we'll see," retorted Hennion. "In the meantime, squire, I hope yer won't worrit because I don't pay interest. Times ez thet onsettled thet yer kain't sell craps naw nothin', an' ready money's pretty hard ter cum by."

"Not I," rejoined the creditor. "'Twill enable me to foreclose all the quicker."

"When theer's courts ter foreclose," replied Hennion, grinning suggestively. With this parting shot, he left the house and rode away.

On the same day that this interview occurred another took place in the Craigie house in Cambridge then occupied as the headquarters of General Washington. The commander-in-chief was sitting in his room, busily engaged in writing, when an orderly entered and announced that a man who claimed to have important business, which he refused to communicate except to the general, desired a word with him. The stranger was promptly ushered in, and stood revealed as a fairly tall, well-shaped young fellow, clad in coarse clothing, and with a well-made wig of much better quality, which fitted him so ill as to suggest that it was never made for his head.

"I understand your Excellency is in need of powder," he said, as he saluted.

A stern look came upon Washington's face. "Who are you, and how heard you that?" he demanded.

"My name is John Brereton. How I heard of your want was in a manner that needs not to be told, as—"

"Tell you shall," exclaimed Washington warmly. "The fact was known to none but the general officers and to the powder committee, and if there has been unguarded or unfaithful speech it shall be traced to its source."

"Your Excellency wrote a letter to the committee of Middlesex County in Jersey?"

"I did."

"The committee refused to part with the powder."

Washington rose. "Have they no public spirit, no consideration of our desperate plight?" he exclaimed.

"But, your Excellency, though the committee would not part with the powder, some lads of spirit would not see you want for it, and—and by united effort we succeeded in getting and bringing to Cambridge twenty half-barrels of powder, which is now outside, subject to your Excellency's orders."

With an exclamation mingling disbelief and hope, the commander sprang to the window. A glance took in the two carts loaded with kegs, and he turned, his face lighted with emotion.

"God only knows the grinding anxiety, the sleepless nights I have suffered, knowing how

(*Continued on page 22*)

Wood Island, Alaska, *Jan.* 17, 1899.

MESSRS. BAKER & HAMILTON, Agents Savage Arms Company, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sirs:—Referring to the Savage Rifle I bought from you last year, it may be of interest to you to know that I have succeeded in killing a whale with the .303 Mushroom Bullet. I believe that this experience is very exceptional and probably quite different from any testimonials you have ever received heretofore.

In addition to this I have shot other large game. I have shot Sea Gulls on the wing while I have been standing on the deck of a vessel at sea.

I consider it the best rifle I have ever used, and I have used all kinds of modern repeating rifles, and I am free to say that I prefer the Savage to any. Yours very truly, (Signed) E. T. EZEKIEL,

Resident Agent North American Commercial Co.

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The Utah mining camps are fast forging to the front. The Tintic district, Bingham, Park City, Mercur, La Sal and Gold Mountain are all located on the line of the Rio Grande Western Railway. Two trains daily from Denver via Denver and Rio Grande or Colorado Midland and Rio Grande Western. For Pamphlets, etc., write F. A. Wadleigh, General Passenger Agent, Salt Lake City.

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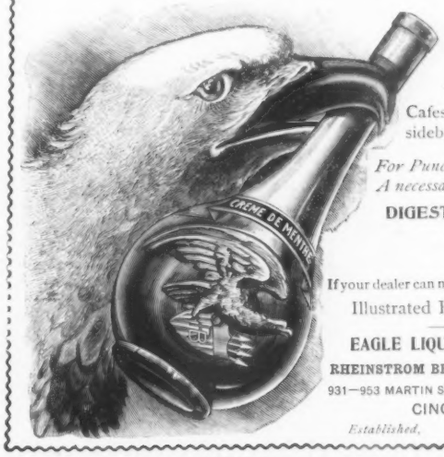

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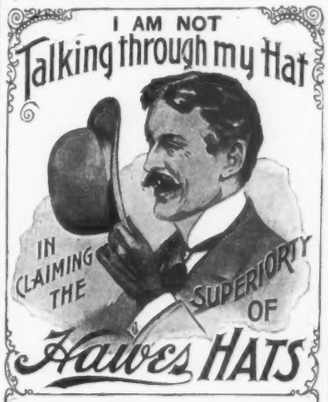

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ICE-HOCKEY—PONTIAC AND HUNTINGDON CLUBS PLAYING AT THE CARNIVAL, SARANAC LAKE, FEBRUARY, 2 1899

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

HOCKEY

History certainly is not repeating itself in the championship series of the Amateur Hockey League. The work of the teams and their present relative standing are about as different from that of previous seasons as anything could be.

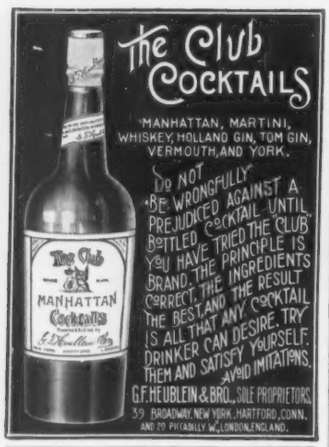
These changes have been commented upon in previous issues, but they become so much more marked every week that there is no harm in alluding to them once again.

Within the past ten days the games played have practically settled the championship, unless legislative action should interfere. Brooklyn won its second game from the New York A. C. team, this time by 3—2, after which the oft-buffeted Hockey Club of New York took sweet revenge on the luckless Mercury Footers to the tune of 5—0. Thus with three defeats against their account, the present champions bid fair to secure nothing better than the bronze medal.

The New Yorks have gradually weakened from season to season, the losses of Fry and Lynch and then Wonham and MacCrae not having been made good by the men who took their places. Against Brooklyn, on February 7, both Captain Wallace and Fenwick made superhuman efforts to be the whole team, but they could not play seven men like the Brooklyns. In the game against the Hockey Club, too, their admirable efforts only placed in deeper contrast the mediocre playing of most of their associates, one or two in particular being noticeable for nerveless work, simply skating up and down listlessly, and almost avoiding the puck at all times. Bogart was a good forward last year, but is a poor makeshift at point.

Both Brooklyn and the Hockey Club outskated the champions, handled the puck with greater confidence, showed more determination, and deserved the victories they won.

Wall and Dobby, as usual, got under way like the



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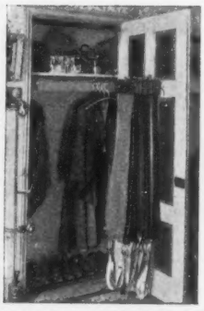

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new camel-back engines, and added greatly to the brilliancy of the game.

FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP

The National Amateur Skating Association, wisely adhering to its policy of the last few winters, held its annual figure-skating championship indoors on February 15, the St. Nicholas rink being the scene of the competition.

Only five competitors appeared, and two of these—Stevens, of St. John, N. B., and Arnold, of Pawtucket, R. I.—soon retired from an unequal contest.

The winner was Arthur J. Keane, of the New York A. C., who was champion in 1898, second to Phillips in 1897, and fourth in 1896. Second prize went to Irving Brokaw (Princeton '93), of the St. Nicholas Skating Club, who was also second in 1898, his only previous competition.

Howard Ward, who finished third, received his low marks chiefly through inexperience. He is a skater of wonderful grace and natural ability, and as he is but seventeen years old, and is privileged to develop under the watchful eyes of Phillips and Story, he should become the champion some day. He certainly strengthened the good impression created last year, when he competed for the first time.

Keane's skating is always consistent and finished, so that the improvement of Brokaw and Ward was not only apparent but genuine. So decided was Brokaw's gain in what might be termed the technique of figure-skating that at the end of the twelfth of the eighteen figures Keane only led him by one point: 45—44. His work in the simpler figures showed remarkable progress, and he has evidently gone at his practice in the right spirit. In fancy skating, as in piano playing, the learner always is tempted to slight the fundamentals and "try a piece." Brokaw's beautiful plain skating and outside edge work actually gave him a lead of 1 at the end of the fourth figure.

Ward's cleverness appeared most strikingly in the outside edge backward and the rocking turns, both of which he won. His work in the first nine figures was also conspicuously good.

Keane's experience and finish pulled him out handsomely when the intricate angles, grapevines, spins, etc., were reached, and it was right there that he clinched his claim to his title. He made less work of them than his rivals, both mentally and physically, reeling them off with a precision and ease most fascinating to the observer.

L. E. MYERS, THE RUNNER

Of the eighteen figures skated, Keane won nine, Keane and Brokaw tied on four, Brokaw won three, and Ward won two.

Last year Brokaw won from Keane only the spread-eagle, for the execution of which the young champion himself admits certain structural disadvantages which cannot be overcome.

It is a pity that the Association could only secure five starters in a contest so worthy of larger interest. From the very nature of the sport, exacting as it does not only much natural skill but patient, persevering practice and plenty of time, the entry list never could reach great proportions; but it is likely that something could be done to stimulate interest and to recruit the rapidly diminishing ranks of expert figure-skaters if the national body were sufficiently enterprising. A steady effort to increase the knowledge of it through the press and by means of frequent sectional or inter-club competitions would, in all probability, bring out latent material well worth seeking.

L. E. MYERS

On a day in November, 1878, at the games of the New York Athletic Club, a slim, thin-legged youth appeared at the call for starters in the 440 race and was placed by the handicapper on the 18-yard mark. He won the race in 55 seconds. The next spring this same young man appeared at the games of the Staten Island Athletic Club and won the quarter in 54 seconds. That young man was "Lon" Myers, and from that day on this then unknown runner began an attack upon records that has not been equalled in American track annals. He mowed down men and times with such steady consistency that one could almost regard his limit as never reached so long as there was a man ahead of him. In 1880 he carried off four American and four Canadian championships. Then he went to England, where his records had been laughed at as impossible and not likely to stand the test of English timers and certainly not likely to stand as against their racers. His first English race convinced all who saw it that "Lon" Myers the American would show his heels to the best of English runners. He came in a clean eleven yards ahead of the nearest man and broke the English record. After that he proceeded to sweep all before him. He ran on every kind of track, he stood on the mark with all sorts of runners. He stood at scratch and looked down lines of men placed all along the course, and when he started they began to come back to him as though they had weights on their feet, and when the tape was in sight Myers almost always came away and left them. In 1884 he went to England once more, and lowered three records. The next year he went again. It was on this visit that at the Civil Service Sports Cowie, the English champion, was given eight yards the start of Myers in a quarter. To say that this time Myers had to run is to put it mildly. But Myers was a racer. He always went in to beat his man, and that day when he passed Cowie and reached the finish the watches showed 48 4-5 seconds!

Six weeks later, at Blackburn, on a grass course, after winning the half-mile, he went to the mark for the quarter, giving Barton of Scotland twenty yards, while Snook and other noted runners were stretched out at different starts. Myers picked them all up one by one and finished in 49 2-5 seconds. A week later, at Widnes, a local runner having boasted that the American could not give him thirty-five yards in a half-mile, Myers undertook it after running several other races and had passed the boaster thirty yards from home, finishing easily in 1 minute 57 2-5 seconds. One of Myers' most interesting races in this country was with Brooks, the intercollegiate champion, and was a 220, the collegian's favorite distance. Brooks won, but by a very narrow margin. Those who, like the writer, saw Myers run under all conditions and through all sorts of fields, came to believe that he could not be beaten at his distance, and when he ran his first professional race against George in the Madison Square Garden I don't think we worried much over the result. In all the matches he won, and there never was a racer who carried more confidence than Lon Myers.

WALTER CAMP.

S. STODDARD.
Captain Yale Hockey Team.

J. P. BROCK.
Yale Hockey Team and 'Varsity Crew.

HOW I PHOTOGRAPHED THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

SEVILLE, *Feb.* 10, 1899

FROM THE MOMENT that the Peace Commissioners of the United States and Spain reached Paris in the month of September last I became possessed with the idea of securing a negative of their last session, when their signatures and seals would be affixed to the document henceforth to figure in American history second only in importance to the Declaration of Independence. I thought it a good plan at the start, in the way of a feeler, to broach the subject of photographing the united commissions in a sort of family group in their handsome meeting-room at the Quay d'Orsay, but here already my difficulties began. The Spaniards opposed a formal "manaña" to my request—Americans have had enough dealings with the Iberian-Latin of late to know what that means. I was therefore obliged to satisfy myself for the time being with a negative of the Americans alone, seated around their council table at the Continental Hotel; and I also succeeded, a little later, in inducing Senors Montero Rios and Garnica, whom I surprised one afternoon in a chatty and amiable mood in their apartments near the Champs Elysées, to pose a few seconds before my lens.

The danger of the negotiations being broken off was increasing with every fresh session. Even when this danger passed and Spain had resigned herself to her fate, I was peremptorily given to understand by one of the Spanish secretaries that never, no never, would the Spanish commissioners agree to a "photographic commemoration" of an event which would ever be the darkest spot in their lives. "That settles it," said I to myself. Nevertheless, a day or two before the final act in the drama I dropped in to see Mr. Day.

Thanks to that gentleman's kindly offices, I arrived on Saturday afternoon of December 10, sharp at half-past two, at the big door of the Affaires Etrangères, flanked by an assistant, carrying my camera and accessories. This was a full hour before the time set for the last session. Although I had secured the requisite permission from at least three functionaries, a self-important underling, put there in charge of the meeting-room, put in his "non-possumus." A half-hour's parleying with several of his superiors in other parts of the building got the better of his opposition; but just at this point, to my utter dismay, the professional photographer before mentioned appeared with two assistants and a box three times larger than mine. "He has thought better of this," said I to myself, "and now he is going to rob me of the distinction of being the sole 'photographic commemorator' of this historic scene." But this cloud quickly vanished, as I saw the three pass through into the garden beyond, where they set up their two instruments on the lawn. "Thank the gods!" said I; "he's got the garden group still on the brain." However, the professional reappeared, and, approaching me with the suavest of smiles, he remarked, almost in a casual manner:

"I learn that monsieur intends to take the group indoors—an excellent idea. I, of course, wish only an outdoor picture, as you can notice. Therefore, there will be no conflict between us. Of course, monsieur will allow me to take the gentlemen first.

It is unnecessary for me to say that I did not quite look at things in this light, knowing full well that if the professional got his victims into the back garden, what with posing them and focussing his instruments, this being December, it would be dark before they escaped his clutches to fall into mine.

Finally, toward half-past three, the commissioners, Spanish and American, began to arrive and we all passed into the meeting-room, where, with a little parleying, I succeeded in inducing the Spaniards to pose along with their colleagues. Then a fresh hitch occurred; it was noticed that the Spanish secretary had not arrived and the picture would be incomplete without him. So we waited and waited, and the hands of the clock slowly crept toward four, and the sky became more and more overcast. It is true that I had just one "flashlight powder" with me, but I felt little reliance in this method. The event proved my doubts to be justified, for when the Spanish secretary did arrive, exactly at four o'clock, and all present took their seats at the green baize table, the two copies of the treaty in front of each president, the magnesium refused to do its work.

So here was a pretty how-de-do! All my trouble apparently for nothing. As a last desperate resort I asked the commissioners to pose by the fading daylight as long as their nerves and breath would permit. They agreed, and open flew the shutter. They posed and they posed and they posed, keeping their muscles as rigid as possible, despite the temptation to laugh as they saw me seat myself in my excitement upon a new silk hat resting on the lounge nearby. They posed altogether three full minutes by the watch, and then went about the business that had brought them together—the signing over of the remnants of the greatest colonial empire of the Middle Ages—the inauguration of a new chapter in the history of the Western World!

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

(*See page 8*)

JANICE MEREDITH

(*Continued from page 19*)

defenceless the army committed to my charge actually was! You have done our cause a service impossible to measure or reward." He shook the man's hand warmly.

"And I ask in payment, your Excellency, permission to volunteer."

"In what capacity?"

"I have served in the British forces as an officer, but all I ask is permission to fight, without regard to rank."

"Tell me the facts of your life."

"As I said, my name is John Brereton. Nothing else about me will ever be known from me."

Washington scrutinized the man with an intent surprise. "You cannot expect us to trust you on such information."

"An hour ago it would have been possible for me to have sneaked by stealth into the British lines with this letter," said the man, taking from his pocket a sheet of paper and handing it to the general. "What think you would Sir William Howe have given me for news, over the signature of General Washington, that the Continental Army had less than ten rounds of powder per man?"

Washington studied the face of the young fellow steadily for twenty seconds. "Are you good at penmanship?" he asked.

"I am a deft hand at all smouting work," replied Brereton.

"Then, sir," said Washington, smiling slightly, "as I wish to keep an eye on you until you have proved yourself, I shall for the present find employment for you in my own family."

Thus a twelvemonth passed without Philemon Hennion, John Evatt, Charles Fownes, Parson McClave, or any other lover so much as once darkening the doors of Greenwood.

"Janice," remarked her mother at the end of the year, "dost realize thou'rt a girl of eighteen and without a lover, much less a husband? I was wed before I was seventeen, and so are all respectably behaved females. See what elopements come to. 'Tis evident thour't to die an old maid."

[*To be continued.*]

DESTITUTION IN HAVANA

(*Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY*)

HAVANA, *Feb.* 15, 1899

IT WOULD BE RATHER a difficult matter to convince the tourist or business man who stops at the Inglaterra that there are twenty to twenty-five thousand people within a radius of four miles from this central point who are on the verge of starvation. Outwardly there are few signs that such a state of affairs exists. On the contrary, there is now an air of bustle and excitement throughout the city more indicative of wealth and prosperity than its opposite. It is true that the streets are filled with beggars who are most importunate in their appeals for alms. The bulk of them, however, are of the professional class, who have infested Havana for years, and to those who have visited the city in its prosperous days they represent a normal condition of affairs. The really needy and starving class have been reduced to such a low condition of physical vitality by long periods of improper nourishment and exposure that they have no longer the requisite strength or energy to go out into the streets and beg. And in many cases their pride forbids them to adopt such a course. The death rate in Havana and Cuba during the last six months, if it were actually known, would be so abnormally high that the future historian, knowing it, and not being acquainted with the facts, would ascribe its unusual figure to a plague or epidemic.

A careful investigation made by Mr. R. S. Howland, one of the principal owners of the Providence "Journal," who was here about six weeks ago, leaves no room for doubt about the truth of the situation. He found that there were thirty thousand people who needed immediate aid.

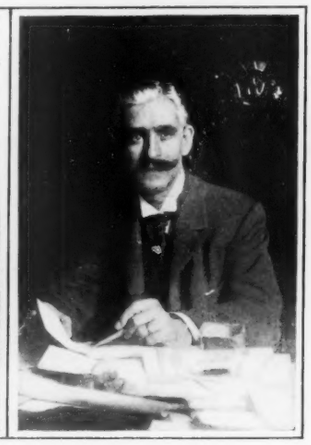
Upon the basis of this investigation and a further one instituted by our government, General Ludlow, the Civil Governor of Havana, in obedience to orders issued by the Secretary of War, January 11, ordered that the work of relief be at once commenced. He placed in complete charge Captain Noel Gaines, Third Kentucky Infantry, of his staff, who immediately began to organize the work of relief in a thorough and systematic manner. In three days he had drawn up a complete plan of operations so as to cover every part of the city and provide for every possible contingency. It was submitted to General Ludlow, who approved it as originally drafted, and by January 25 everything was in readiness for the distribution of rations on a large scale. In brief, the work is organized as follows: The city is divided into five districts, and the relief depot for each district is located at as central a point as possible. The district depot consists of a large army tent, to which is brought daily the rations necessary for one day's distribution. The names of the destitute are either handed in by themselves or by others belonging to charitable societies, who know the needs of a particular neighborhood. Each case is thoroughly investigated at once by a competent official without loss of time, or needless red tape, and rations are issued immediately to the deserving. To the head of each family is issued a numbered card, stating the number of rations he or she is entitled to, and upon presentation at the district depot it is duly honored. A ration, or food considered necessary for one person for one day, consists of the following articles: eight ounces of bacon or eight ounces of tinned meat, twelve ounces of flour or sixteen ounces of cornmeal, one tenth pound of sugar, one-fiftieth quart of vinegar, one twenty-fifth pound of salt, one twenty-fifth ounce of pepper, one twenty-fifth pound of soap, three-fiftieths of a pound of rice, three-fiftieths of a pound of coffee. The last seven articles are supplied in one hundred ration lots, a full record being kept of each day's receipts and distributions, so that no fraudulent practices can arise.

There are thousands of destitute who are sick, and who would not be properly nourished by the food as above furnished. To provide for these cases there has been instituted in each district a "casa de socorro," or house of assistance, which is the headquarters of five doctors, whose sole duties are to look after the sick and prescribe the necessary medicines and foods. In addition to these houses of assistance, there are also in each district a grocery and a drug store, with whom contracts have been made to furnish delicacies and medicines also for the sick. In this way every contingency is provided for, and the work has proceeded smoothly and satisfactorily. By January 31 the total number of rations issued will be nearly two hundred thousand to about twenty thousand people. For February there have been ordered four hundred thousand rations, but it is not certain that all of these will be given out, as it is the intention of the authorities as soon as a man becomes strong enough to work to make him self-supporting by furnishing him employment. This, too, is a wise provision, as the wholesale distribution of relief for an indefinite period without safeguards being taken would tend to destroy their independence and self-respect. Since January 10 large supplies of provisions have been sent to Matanzas, Cienfuegos, Trinidad, Pinar del Rio, and other cities, where the existing distress is as widespread as it is in Havana.

JACOB LYCHENHEIM.

SENOR MORA,
First Cuban Civil Governor of Havana.

THE CROWD AT THE RELIEF COUNTER



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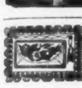

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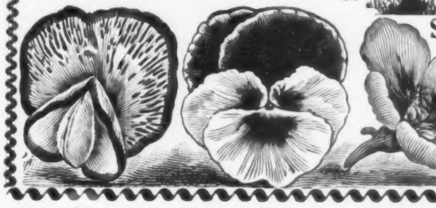

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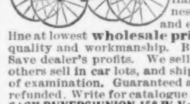

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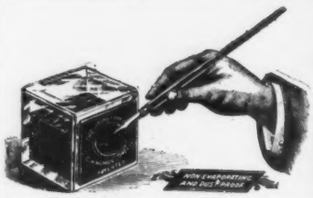

No. 11.	Pressed Glass	$0.60
" 12.	Cut Glass	1.00
" 13.	Pressed Glass with Pen Rack	.75
" 14.	Cut " " " "	1.25

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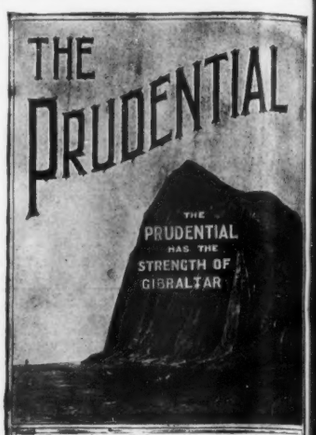

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